

THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1905

NOVEMBER 7, 1908

PRICE THREEPENCE

"SCORPIO."

By J. A. CHALONER.

"... He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
His votaresses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Heldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghows!—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance! The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force* in its way, reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-laying. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—THE ACADEMY, August 8, 1908.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY, Ltd.

SUBSCRIBERS have an unequalled supply of BOOKS both in range and quality. Every facility for the exchange of books. Prompt and careful attention.

And
"MUDIE'S" has the largest stock of NEW and SECOND-HAND BOOKS in the world. Works in 14 languages.

30-34 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

JUST PUBLISHED.

CATALOGUE OF THEOLOGY,
ANGLICAN, ROMAN, and PROTESTANT
(1,775 Articles).

H. SOTHERAN AND Co., Booksellers,
140 Strand, W.C., and 37 Piccadilly, W.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED.

EARLY BRITISH SCHOOL.—
SHEPHERD'S WINTER EXHIBITION
of PORTRAITS and LANDSCAPES by Early
British Masters is NOW OPEN.

SHEPHERD'S GALLERY, 27 King Street,
St. James's.

THE Owner of an ORIGINAL
PAOLO VERONESE (Part Sketch of the
Kana Wedding, Paris Louvre) is prepared to
receive an offer from a large picture-gallery on
favourable terms. Apply, in first instance, to
W. Z. 1405, care of Rudolf Mosse, Vienna I.,
Austria.

THE FAUNA of BRITISH INDIA,
including Ceylon and Burma, published
under the authority of the Secretary of State
for India in Council, medium 8vo, with
numerous Illustrations. Mollusca: One Vol.,
price 10s. Rhynchota: Vol. IV., Part II.,
price 10s.

London: Taylor and Francis, Red Lion
Court, Fleet Street; Calcutta and Simla:
Thacker, Spink and Co.; Bombay: Thacker
and Co., Ltd.; Burma: Myles, Standish and
Co., Rangoon; Berlin: Friedlander and Sohn,
Carlstrasse 11.

Catalogue No. 361. 148 Pages

GLAISHER'S 1909 GENERAL

CATALOGUE OF SELECTED PUBLISHERS'
REMAINDERS.

Now Ready. Reduced Prices. Immense Variety.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., Remainder and Discount
Bookseller, 265 High Holborn, London.

AUTHORS! THE CAMBRIDGE
LITERARY AGENCY, 115 Strand,
London (now placing Novels, Short Stories,
Articles, and Poems with over 100 Publishers
and Periodicals), has just sold to a leading
magazine a story which not only had been
refused by the Editor when submitted by the
Author (this is quite common), but which had
been returned with a stated objection. The
story had in no way been altered. Such is
the power of the Agency's recommendation.
Write for 16-page prospectus and unique
testimonials. 'Phone 1648 Gerrard.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

ADDITIONAL EXAMINERSHIPS.

The University Court of the University of
Glasgow will shortly proceed to appoint the
following Additional Examiners:—

For the Preliminary and Bursary Examina-
tions:—TWO EXAMINERS in ENGLISH.

For Degrees in Arts and Science:—ONE
EXAMINER in GEOLOGY.

Particulars of the duties, emoluments, etc.,
may be had on application to the Secretary of
the University Court.

University of Glasgow, October, 1908.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT
and RARE BOOKS on any subject
SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder
extant. Please state wants and ask for
CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of
exchanging any Saleable Books for others
selected from my various Lists. Special List
of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—
EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John
Bright Street, Birmingham. Harmsworth
Encyclopedia, 10 Vols., 56s. net, for 30s.
Farmer and Henley's Slang Dictionary, 7s. 6d.
Who's Who, 2 vols., 1907, 11s. net, for 5s.

Typewriting

AUTHORS' MSS., 9d. per 1000 words,
Sermons, Plays, and all kinds of Type-
writing carefully done at home (Remington).
Good paper. Orders promptly executed
Duplicating from 3d. 6d. per 100.—M. L. L.,
18 Edgeley Road, Clapham, S.W.

AUTHORS' MSS. intelligently
copied, 10d. a thousand words. Neat,
accurate work. Yost typewriter. Address Y.,
49 Primrose Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

TO AUTHORS.—Lady (experi-
enced) undertakes TYPEWRITING.
Authors' MSS. from 1s. per 1,000 words. Dra-
matic work a speciality. Indexing (Govern-
ment work, books, magazines, &c.). Proof
revising (usual terms). Accuracy, prompti-
tude. Highest testimonials.—Miss FOOT, 48
Digby Mansions, Hammersmith, W.

TYPEWRITING promptly and
accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words.
Specimens and references.—Address Miss
MESSER, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton,
S.W.

TYPEWRITING.—The WEST
KENSINGTON OFFICES. Authors'
MSS., Translations, &c. Legal and General
Copying. Private dictation rooms. Circulars,
etc., duplicated. Usual terms. References.
Established fifteen years.—SIKES and SIKES,
223A Hammersmith Road, London, W.

TYPEWRITING.—Neat, careful,
and intelligent work. Fiction 7d. per
thousand, other work 8d. Good paper. Speci-
mens sent.—Mrs. A., 10 Grosvenor Road, St.
Albans.

QUEEN-SQUARE CLUB.

A social club for men and women interested
in politics, literature or art. Lectures, enter-
tainments, chess and bridge. An exquisite
Queen Anne club-house, close to the British
Museum and Russell Square Station. Inexpen-
sive lunch and dinner. Subscription two
guineas.—Apply Secretary, 9 Queen Square,
Bloomsbury.

A GREAT BOOK ON THE CINQUECENTO

MR. JOHN LANE has just published a New Edition of a famous Standard Work on Italy and Italian Art of the Sixteenth Century:

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKES OF URBINO

Illustrating the History, Arms, Art, Literature
and Civilisation of Italy during the Fifteenth,
Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.

By JAMES DENNISTOUN OF DENNISTOUN

Edited with Annotations and an Introduction by EDWARD HUTTON

With 100 Illustrations. Demy 8vo (3 Vols.), 42s. net.

For many years this great book has been out of print, yet it still remains the chief authority for all we know of the Duchy of Urbino from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and so should surely be in the hands of every lover of Italy. For the Court of Urbino was perhaps the most splendid, the most cultured in Italy, and Duke Federigo one of the greatest soldiers of his time. Indispensable as the book is, as a matter of course the earlier portions of it, at any rate, needed some sort of revision or commentary. Mr. Edward Hutton, author of "Sigismondo Malatesta," has carefully edited the whole book, leaving the text indeed substantially the same, but adding a very large number of new notes, comments, and references, so that the book should appeal not only to the general reader (indeed, a more fascinating story was never written), but to the English student of Italian History during the period of the Renaissance. Wherever possible Mr. Hutton has sent the reader directly to the sources. Every sort of work has been laid under contribution to illustrate the text, and bibliographies have been supplied on many subjects. Thus the reader, breathlessly following the marvellous career of Cesare Borgia, for instance, is able to verify or dispute every detail almost, references being given and quotations made in the notes from old and new authorities. Besides these notes and so forth, the book acquires a new value on account of the mass of illustrations which it now contains, so that a pictorial comment has been added to an historical and critical one. Every writer, every Italian writer even, dealing with this subject, has been compelled to use this book, and to a large extent to rely upon it. Dr. Creighton, in his "History of the Papacy," quotes it frequently, and, indeed, it is from every point of view indispensable to the student. As for the general reader, he has long since made it his own. It was from this rich mine that Joseph Henry Shorthouse drew a great part of his "John Inglesant," names such as Maldonado and incidents such as those which take place at the Court of the "Duke of Umbria" being freely adopted. Indeed, the true story of the Ducal Dominion which, in the novel, Inglesant won for the Papacy is not a whit less romantic and touching than "John Inglesant" itself.

NAPOLEONIC LITERATURE

One of the most important and remarkable books in the whole range of NAPOLEONIC literature.

DUMOURIEZ AND THE DEFENCE OF ENGLAND AGAINST NAPOLEON. By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., Author of "The Life of Napoleon," etc., and A. M. BROADLEY, Joint Author of "Napoleon and the Invasion of England." Demy 8vo, with numerous Portraits, Maps, and Facsimiles. 21s. net.

Guardian.—"It is impossible to do more than attempt an indication of the varied and significant contents of this fascinating volume, which should appeal alike to all Englishmen and all Frenchmen."

Globe.—"A hearty welcome should be accorded to 'Dumouriez.'"

Almost the whole of the contents of this volume are new. The MS. of the great French strategic expert's plan for the Defence of England, which cost Pitt not less than £20,000, is included in text.

NAPOLEON and the ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

A History of the Franco-Austrian Campaign in the Valley of the Danube in 1809. By F. LORRAINE PETRE, Author of "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland," "Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia," etc. With 8 Illustrations and 5 sheets of Maps and Plans. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Times.—"Ought to arouse a new interest in a very instructive campaign."

A POOR MAN'S HOUSE.

By STEPHEN REYNOLDS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

The record of a life among Devon fishermen.

Daily Mail.—"It is all so simple and unstrained. At the end it is stamped indelibly upon the mind. . . . A remarkable book."

ORTHODOXY.

By G. K. CHESTERTON, Author of "Napoleon of Notting Hill." Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Times.—"By a caprice of the Creator, which Aristotle and Mr. Chesterton have overlooked, there is always a little band of men afflicted with craving for truth. . . . The passion for truth will never break Mr. Chesterton's rest, and that is well. Mr. Chesterton's Rabelaisian orthodoxy."

THE CALL OF DAWN AND OTHER POEMS.

By E. C. WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE GREEN DOMINO: an Isle of Wight Romance.

By ANTHONY DILLINGTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

KASHMIR; Land of Streams and Solitudes.

By P. PIRIE. With 25 Full-page Plates in Colours, and upwards of 100 other Illustrations, by H. R. PIRIE. Crown 4to, 21s. net.

TWO DIANAS IN ALASKA.

By AGNES HERBERT and a SHAKARI. With numerous Illustrations reproduced from Photographs. Uniform with "Two Dianas in Somaliland." Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

BIRDS OF THE PLAINS.

By DOUGLAS DEWAR, Author of "Bombay Ducks." With numerous Illustrations, demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

A number of vivid pen-pictures of Indian birds written in breezy language, to appeal to the general reader as well as to the naturalist.

HOLLY, YEW, AND BOX.

With Notes on other Evergreens. By W. DALLIMORE and THOMAS MOORE. Demy 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

A Tale of Low Life in Berlin. By CLARA VIEBIG, Author of "Absolution." Crown 8vo, 6s.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, LONDON AND NEW YORK

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Life and Letters	435	The Indian Civil Service	445
Gethsemane	437	Faded Lilies	446
Lord Bunnham's Kaiser	437	Master and Man	447
The Supergod	439	Two Dianas in Alaska	448
Poor Men's Houses	440	Verses by Hood, and some	
An Old Love Story	441	Information	448
The Way of the World	442	Sir Christopher Wren	449
Reviews :		Fiction	449
The Early Tories	444	Correspondence	450
A Leisurely Motorist	444	Books Received	454

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wilsford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. PERCY DEARMER has not taken up the challenge which we made to him last week to explain how he finds it compatible with his duty to appear on public platforms as a supporter of Mr. Bernard Shaw and other avowed enemies of Christianity. He contents himself with saying, in a paper which we need not mention by name, that Socialism cannot be met "by assertions that its supporters are enemies of religion—of all arguments surely the most false and the most unworthy." The assertion that the supporters of Socialism are for the most part enemies of religion is not, as Mr. Dearmer imagines, an argument; it is a plain statement of fact, and it happens to be perfectly true and to have been proved over and over again out of the mouths of Socialists of light and leading. Mr. Dearmer may consider it false and unworthy to make a plain statement of an undeniable and undenied fact, but he will not find many people to agree with him even among the ranks of Socialists. The so-called Christian Socialists are an insignificant minority of the whole body of Socialism; they are, as we have said before, worthy and well-meaning people, but neither numerically nor intellectually are they in a position to control the main body. In short, they are merely dupes, and the real out-and-out Socialists who make use of them laugh in their sleeves at them even while they avail themselves of the tinge of respectability which they are able to impart to a dangerous and disreputable movement. It is all very well for Mr. Dearmer and his friends boldly to proclaim that Socialism "cannot be met" by this and that argument. The fact remains that it has been met and routed all over the country; and to be continually shouting "victory" in the face of obvious and palpable defeat is simply foolish. However, it does no harm to any one; and if it pleases Mr. Dearmer and his friends to imagine that they are heading a glorious and victorious movement we shall not grudge them their visionary satisfaction, though we cannot help feeling that they would be much better occupied in minding their own business, which is, after all, to preach the Faith and defend it.

The recent publication in book form by Messrs. Methuen of Oscar Wilde's scattered reviews and scraps of journalism is, in our opinion, to be regretted. We do not consider that it is doing any service to a dead man of genius to dig up out of the obscurity of bygone daily or weekly papers such

things as the notice of a novel or a volume of minor poetry. Wilde was a very good journalist no doubt, but he was also a great man of letters, and we cannot imagine that he would have relished the idea of seeing his unconsidered trifles of journalism brought again into the hard light of criticism. Any one who knew Oscar Wilde must be aware that he was for ever girding at journalists and journalism, and admitting that this was a fad, and a not altogether consistent one, his feelings on the subject should have been considered. As it is, the publication of these miscellaneous trifles has given the opportunity which is never missed by his inferiors in the literary world to "spit their small wits at him." In the *Spectator*, for example, we find the truly idiotic remark that his "literary gift was in essence flashy and mechanical." When the *Spectator* gives up the practice which it indulges at present of printing fifth-rate verse, including some specimens by Mr. T. H. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of intrusting to the same incompetent hand the task of reviewing poetry, it will be time enough for any judge of literature to take its impudent references to dead men of genius seriously. In the meanwhile they are merely silly. We are not in the least surprised that Messrs. Methuen, having set out to publish Wilde, and having, out of sheer stupidity, refused to include in their edition what is probably his finest book, should not hesitate to publish a collection of newspaper articles which cannot possibly add to Wilde's reputation, and may, even in the eyes of unthinking people, detract from it. What does surprise us is that Mr. Ross should have consented to authorise such a publication, though we would not for a moment even appear to suggest that Mr. Ross's motives were not beyond reproach. It strikes us merely as an error of judgment on his part.

The week before last we commented on Mr. Spender's supposed retirement from the editorship of the *Westminster Gazette*, and we took the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Spender on his escape from an unfortunate position. We learn with regret that we were misinformed, and that Mr. Spender still remains in his place as editor of our sea-green contemporary under the supervision of Mr. Donald, of the *Daily Chronicle*. Consequently, with extreme reluctance we are compelled to withdraw the greater part of our flattering remarks. Mr. Spender will, no doubt, get over this, and consent to accept our condolences in lieu of the aforesaid remarks. We repeat that we are sorry for a gentleman of Mr. Spender's parts who is compelled to keep up a show of approbation for Mr. Runciman's squalid education proposals or the tomfoolery of Mr. Asquith's ludicrous Licensing Bill.

The latest phase in the *reductio ad absurdum* of this imbecile measure is the introduction of a clause whereby it will be rendered impossible for any one to lunch or dine in a restaurant on Sunday. Just as if the present state of affairs was not sufficiently bad without the efforts of a "Liberal" Government to make it worse. London is already the laughing-stock of Europe in consequence of the absurd restrictions which are placed on respectable restaurants and places of refreshment. Of course the Government knows perfectly well that the Bill can never pass, and that popular opinion, represented at present solely in the House of Lords, will throw the mass of cant and hypocrisy and downright robbery and dishonesty on to the dustheap of oblivion. But, even so, it is hard to see what object Mr. Asquith thinks he is going to obtain by forcing all reasonable people of whatever party into a position of hostility to himself and his Government.

The solicitor of a Mrs. Baines, a Suffragette charged with unlawful assembly at Leeds in connection with Mr. Asquith's meeting on October the 10th, has served subpoenas on Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone. It is sincerely to be hoped that the Prime Minister will have the good sense and the dignity to ignore this preposterous attempt

to advertise an entirely unimportant police-court case. As for Mr. Gladstone, he has surely found out by this time that he does not shine as a witness in Suffragist cases, and as we have not heard it suggested that Mrs. Baines bears any very striking resemblance to a wood-nymph, or any other sort of nymph, it is certain that the inducements to attend which existed in the case of the fair Christabel do not hold good in the present case. Consequently we hope that for once in a way Cabinet Ministers will refrain from turning themselves into public exhibitions at the behest of ladies whose chief claim to notice is that they resemble sirens as far as their voices are concerned. We need hardly say that our reference is not to the sirens who endeavoured to allure Ulysses, but to the ear-splitting whistles which are employed on merry-go-rounds and penny steamers.

We have it on the authority of no less a person than Mr. Belloc that the nature of the song sung by the sirens is not beyond conjecture, and we should like to hazard the opinion that the yell yelled by the mænads when they "rushed" Orpheus is similarly to be guessed at. No doubt what the mænads yelled was "Votes for Women," and no doubt poor Orpheus, in spite of his terrible death, must have died happy. Was he not escaping in the most effectual manner possible from the most unendurable kind of female, and was not Eurydice waiting for him on the other side of the Styx? Eurydice without the smallest doubt was a member of the Woman's Anti-Suffrage League of the period. The moral of this is that all sweet and lovely ladies should instantly hasten to enrol themselves in that admirable association, and thereby definitely and once for all disclaim any connection with mænads. Applications should be made to the Secretary, Caxton House, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.

Last week we commented upon the circumstance that the name of Mr. J. Comyns Carr appears upon the title-page of *Faust* in company with the name of Mr. Stephen Phillips. And we expressed a curiosity as to the precise nature of the collaboration in which the owners of these names engaged. Since then Mr. Comyns Carr has published a book entitled "Some Eminent Victorians." Here is the best he can find to say of Rossetti:

At the simple dinners to which I was at that time hospitably bidden, Rossetti, as he sat at the head of his table, was always amusing to watch. His inability to serve any dish set before him was pathetic in its helplessness. He would lunge at a joint as though it were a hostile foe, driving it from one end of the dish to the other, till he got it securely cornered in its well of gravy, and then plunge his knife into it with something of deadly ferocity.

We have lately had Mr. Hall Cain on Rossetti, and he has shown us what dulness can do for the memory of a great man, but apparently there are even deeper depths. We should advise Mr. Stephen Phillips to refrain from taking meals with Mr. Comyns Carr, otherwise heaven alone knows what may happen. If Mr. Phillips cannot do without him as a collaborator, he may at least take precautions to prevent him from rendering the kindly services of the biographer. Of course, Mr. Phillips is much the younger man of the two—but one never knows.

Elated by the victory of a Socialist in the municipal election at Northampton, two persons, described respectively as "a prominent local Socialist" and "an agitator from Hammersmith," got very drunk, and in this condition walked into a river, with the result that one of them was drowned, and the other was with difficulty rescued owing to the bravery of Private Rowthorn, of the Northants Regiment. While we deeply regret the unfortunate man's death, and while admitting that persons of any political complexion are liable at times of excitement to indulge too freely in alcoholic stimulants, we cannot refrain from pointing out that it is characteristic of Socialists to make a

foolish bungle out of the simplest things. Ordinary people can manage to "celebrate" a joyful occasion, and even to get very drunk indeed, without walking into rivers and thereby endangering other and more valuable lives than their own. The coroner at the inquest remarked that he "was surprised to see a man who preached a cause that was supposed to improve and benefit the people getting helplessly drunk, and being responsible for a very respectable man losing his life." For our part we are not surprised at all.

We wonder why Mr. Horatio Bottomley decorates the cover of his beautiful pennyworth with Byron's lines:

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses that pull;
Each tugs in a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

If *John Bull* is the greatest of all asses—and it is not for us to contradict Mr. Bottomley on that point—it is surely superfluous for Mr. Bottomley to announce the fact on the outside of the paper. His readers could safely be trusted to find it out for themselves by reference to the inside, where the rejected of Deptford (and Constantinople) so largely bespreads and disports himself.

We regret to have to announce that Madame Melba has turned Suffragette. She gives a concert to-day at the Albert Hall, and if she rounds off her usual selection from *Lucia di Lammermoor* with a wild shriek of "Votes for Women!" many members of her audience will be more or less upset. We do not anticipate that Madame Melba will indulge in any such indiscretion, but if she be indeed of the sisterhood, the thing is conceivable. Apart from concerts, it will be interesting to watch Madame Melba's Suffragist career. For if she were to be sent to prison for assisting in a raid on the House of Commons, her gaolers would surely wish to keep her. We believe that Madame Melba would bawl prison hymns on Sunday with much greater effect than Mrs. Drummond, or even than Max's delicate little singing-bird Miss Christabel Pankhurst. Besides, Melba with broad arrows about her garments would be a real martyr, because her incarceration would inevitably cost her a tidy sum of money, whereas Miss Pankhurst and her Mamma are having the time of their lives as regards free food and lodging. We do hope, however, that Melba will be careful, for we could ill afford to part with her just now.

At his violin recital on November 4th M. Ysaye once again demonstrated to all whom it may concern that his taste in music is as bad as his playing is good. After performing an interesting though by no means outstandingly fine piece of work by Gemiani, a contemporary of Scarlatti, M. Ysaye, admirably assisted by M. Deru, gave an exquisite performance of Handel's sonata in G for two violins, a work of unsurpassable grace and loveliness. If we had been wise we should have left the Queen's Hall immediately after the performance of this the second item on the programme, but a desire to hear the work by Beethoven, which was down for performance at the end of the bill, induced us to sit through the concerto in D minor of Vieuxtemps. This concerto is neither more nor less than so much musical hog-wash, and it was really an unpleasant sight to watch the ecstasy which M. Ysaye put into its performance. Needless to say, he played it without music, he knew it by heart, and one felt that he loved and enjoyed every note of it. He paid no such compliment to Handel. One is bound to admit that the not very crowded house applauded to the echo the ignoble and paltry fireworks of Vieuxtemps, and that and the proximity of Guy Fawkes Day would no doubt be M. Ysaye's excuse for hurling them at an appreciative crowd. "The public like bad music, therefore I must play them bad music," he may be supposed to say. Apart from the fact, which we maintain, that there is, and always will be, a huge public in England for the very best music—a public which would far sooner

listen to Bach, Handel, and Mozart than to, say, Vieuxtemps, Saint-Saëns, and Liszt—we contend that it is the sacred duty of any great executant artist to give only the best. The audience on Wednesday last did not strike us as a musical audience, and we suppose that it has come to this—that Monsieur Ysaye gets the audience he deserves; the audience which comes to gape at the agility of the virtuoso rather than to share the rapture of a great artist. M. Ysaye has it in his power to command either auditory, and we fear that it is a fundamental and rooted love for inferior music which induces him to cater for the first rather than the second. For our own part, we left the Queen's Hall, without waiting to hear the Beethoven romance, with a feeling of positive hostility to M. Ysaye. His poses, his long hair, and his dying-duck gazings at the roof, which seemed natural and proper enough when he was playing Handel, and playing him superbly, became grotesque and nauseating when he was revelling in the gaudy uglinesses and yelping gymnastics of Vieuxtemps.

The recent Municipal Elections that have taken place all over the country are remarkable for two things—the slump of Socialism and the decay of the feminist movement. The Socialists have been routed almost everywhere, and only two women have succeeded in getting elected. That gallant old dog the *Daily Telegraph* is naturally much chagrined over the defeat of the ladies; following so closely upon its own sudden surrender to petticoat influence, it serves to show that it has committed what is inelegantly but emphatically described as a "bloomer." We do not oppose the election of women to municipal bodies, and, apart from the fact that most of the defeated women candidates were Progressists, or Socialists, or Suffragists, we do not rejoice in their defeat. We merely take leave to point out what a fine test of the state of public opinion is supplied by the almost complete disappearance of women from municipal politics. Instead of gaining ground in the country, as the Suffragists and their great ally the *Daily Telegraph* would have us believe, it is quite obvious that the Suffragist movement has produced universal hostility to the intrusion of women even into spheres which have hitherto been considered proper to them. If the country is beginning to come to the conclusion that women are not wanted even in municipal politics, how much more strongly will it resent their intrusion into national politics. We observe that the election of Miss Dove to the position of "Mayor" of High Wycombe is to be strenuously opposed, and it seems improbable that she will be allowed to retain her incongruous position. This will be another blow to the poor old *Daily Telegraph*, whose tears will no doubt run down its beard like winter's drops from eaves of reeds.

We observe advertised in the pages of a Socialist journal a publication called the *English Review*. The first number of the *English Review*, according to Messrs. Duckworth and Co., is to appear on November 25th. The title the *English Review* was started and used in a weekly magazine some years ago by a gentleman on the editorial staff of THE ACADEMY. This gentleman informed Messrs. Duckworth at least six weeks ago that he claimed the title as his property, and was keeping it alive as a sub-title to another paper. Subsequently THE ACADEMY purchased the title from the aforesaid gentleman, and it has for the last three weeks appeared on the cover of THE ACADEMY. Under these circumstances we think it rather curious, to say the least of it, that Messrs. Duckworth should continue to advertise as the name of their projected publication a title to which they have no moral right. We are not certain as to the law on these questions, and it may be that Messrs. Duckworth are within their legal rights in the matter. But, at any rate, there can be no question that Messrs. Duckworth are adopting a most unusual course, and one which it is difficult to look upon as either courteous or proper. We have no intention of surrendering our right to the title, and we shall take the advice of our solicitors as to the legal aspect of the case.

GETHSEMANE

There is a garden of deep roses spread—
A garden of deep roses : red and red
The culminating buds unclose :
I cannot find upon the bed a leaf of fallen rose.
These roses are as portions of one flower :
They congregate in unity of power—
Some on the rocks, some by the nook
Of cistus-trails that overhang, some washing by the brook.
Why are they here ? So large of volume, great
As swans from other birds take new estate.
Magnificent, their glow confutes,
As they had plucked up rubies by the roots.
What fête do they attend ; holding their dense
Profusion back, as unburnt frankincense ?
A dark, created round their blooms,
There falls, a loving dark to give their spices tombs.
O roses, in the dusk your edges grow more bright—
Is there a moon . . . or light ?
Some light must fall down and restore
Your garden to the dew and sweet of nights before.
There is a moon—a moon ! There is a Face
Bent down before these roses, of a grace
Most lovely in its charity,
And Angels up and down the memory.
No man hath passed the door. Nay—I mistook—
Or did He enter, crossing by the brook ?
He pulls the roses stem on stem,
And calleth on His friends, and kisseth them.
Who draws them hitherward ? What shall befall ?
My heart is breaking at this festival.
The roses are as a dark cup,
Full of strange tribulation offered up.

MICHAEL FIELD.

LORD BURNHAM'S KAISER

THE intimate affairs of monarchs are matters, apparently, of the utmost moment and interest to the curious. While a King, or an Emperor, or a Czar is alive the general appetite for information concerning him would appear to be insatiable. After his death, of course, you want none of him, and you put him in history books for the confounding of small children. We believe that the more superior Kings bitterly resent the intrusions of the newsmonger and the gossip. Their desire is for a quiet, regal life, and when they see themselves paragraphed or snap-shotted in odd postures, like a carpet-bagging politician, they cannot be expected to feel elated. There's a divinity doth hedge a King. And if that divinity forsakes him it is always and without exception his own fault. At the present moment there is an Emperor or Kaiser ruling in Europe whom the divinity has forsaken, and nobody can doubt that it is this same Emperor or Kaiser who has himself driven her from him. We believe that it is fair to say of the Emperor William II. of Germany that, with the help of various modern institutions, including the cheap press and the telegraph, a few pots of paint and the gramophone, he has succeeded in rendering the purple supremely and uproariously ridiculous. Never since the world conceived the idea of majesty has mankind been confronted with such a spectacle in the way of Emperors as this Kaiser. We do not say that in the beginning the good gentleman was wholly to blame. He started life, it will be remembered, possessed of little more than a pair of moustaches. For quite a lustrum the moustaches of the Kaiser appeared to be all in all to the

illustrated papers, and Europe thought of him in terms of a spread-eagle adornment of the upper lip. This is not persiflage, but a serious fact. Because of the moustaches in question Wilhelm II. became the most be-paragraped and be-photographed of living monarchs. His popularity among his own subjects was immense. Every young German who could raise a hair under his nose wore the moustaches of the Emperor. We have no doubt whatever that William's fellow-monarchs regarded those moustaches, and the pleasing publicity which they excited, with occasional pangs of envy. Wilhelm considered it all and laughed. He perceived that it is quite easy to capture unlimited advertisement, provided that you go about the business in a certain way. He probably came to the conclusion that it was excellent for Germany that the Kaiser should keep himself continually in front of the regal picture, and that he should vie with and utterly outclass the goddesses of the drama and *opera bouffe* in the matter of photographs and ten-line notices. Since that innocent time Wilhelm II. has developed hugely. Step by step he has contrived to go clean over to journalism and photography, and he is now no longer an Emperor in the high sense of the title, but the mere pawn and puppet and property of the gentlemen who write in the newspapers, or who frisk about with their heads under black cloths. For his pains this proud Kaiser lives to see himself mocked and made a sport of on every hand. In England alone he has acquired a list of pseudonyms which would break the heart of any ordinary mortal. "Windy Bill," "William the Senseless," "Weary Willy," and "Silly Billy," are some of the choice appellations which have been bestowed upon him by the vulgar, and, as is commonly known, they hurt him sorely. In every other country of the world the common tone about him is equally contemptuous, and he cannot hide behind the supposition that contempt is the habitual habit of mind of the mob, because he knows full well that even at the worst of times his fellow-monarchs manage to secure respect and civil treatment, and to keep distant from themselves those gibes and ignominious nicknames which are usually levelled only at obvious fools and charlatans.

It appears to us, after giving due thought to the matter, that the Kaiser's reputation in England is a reputation which has been largely fashioned for him by the *Daily Telegraph*. Lord Burnham's journal has over and over again indicated to us with flourishes of trumpets that it approved of the Kaiser, and that in return it enjoyed the Kaiser's approval. We do not suggest that there could be any great harm in this fact if the *Daily Telegraph* were really the responsible sheet which it professes to be. That it is not a responsible sheet nobody can doubt who seriously considers the "Personal Interview with the Kaiser"—as if an interview could be other than personal—and "Frank Statement of the Kaiser's World-policy," published by our contemporary on October 28th. If the gentlemen who direct the policy of the *Daily Telegraph* had been in the least removed from the plane of the common, grasping, scoop-hunting, huckstering, circulation-making, public polity-defying journalist, they would never have printed this dangerous and now notorious article. It cannot be too seriously impressed upon the minds of newspaper proprietors that when all is said that can be said about business and about the necessity for making profits a newspaper must bear and must recognise a supreme duty to the public. We say that the *Daily Telegraph* cannot have been unaware of the serious and dangerous nature of the matter contained in its "personal interview" with the Kaiser. Such an interview would not go into the paper without the knowledge and acquiescence or approval of responsible persons, and we say that those responsible persons ought to be ashamed of themselves. We go further, and say that in publishing this interview they have proved themselves capable of throwing their duty to the country to the wind. It is true that the article purports to be all on the side of peace and all on the side of an *entente* between England and Germany, but any intelligent office-boy could have told Lord Burnham and his editors

that, taking it on the whole, it will do more to hinder and keep back and, it may be, render impossible such an *entente* than any action of either party for the past twenty years. And, to put the matter on less elevated ground, if the *Daily Telegraph* is, as it professes to be, the friend and patron of the Kaiser, it most certainly ought not to have helped him into his present ridiculous position. The editors must have been aware that, whatever else might happen, the publication of such an interview would plunge the Kaiser into all sorts of hot and otherwise unpleasant water. So that, neither on the grounds of patriotism nor on the ground of friendliness to the Kaiser, can the *Daily Telegraph's* action in the matter be defended. The *Daily Telegraph* has taken advantage of the ultimate indiscretion of a foolish and discredited monarch, and for the sake of "scoop," or, as who should say, sheer profit, it has run the risk of plunging two great nations into war. We are quite aware that we put the position in terms which are liable to be considered excessive; but we do not consider that they are excessive, or that we have said a word which cannot seriously be justified. Interviews with Kings are always, and in the very nature of things, an affair of the profoundest gravity. So grave and important are they, that, journalistically considered, they should be impossible. Diplomatically considered—there is no other phrase for it—they are the devil. Nationally considered, they are an outrage, and regally considered, they are suicide. The *Daily Telegraph's* interview has all the appearance of innocence and innocuousness. We are not aware that serious umbrage could be taken at anything which appears on the face of it. At the worst it might be set down by the unthinking as a sort of whine on the part of a bumptious, middle-aged monarch, whose liver is out of order, but who is nevertheless bursting to be friends with everybody. Yet the disastrous and ominous and irreparable results of it are plain to the world at large. We do not suppose that the Kaiser will ever get over it. In the eyes of his people he has made a consummate ass of himself, and, what is worse, he has proved himself disloyal to his own subjects. He has asserted roundly that the people of Germany hate the people of England, and that it is only by virtue of his good offices in the matter of restraint that the Germans have not been at our throats long ago. We believe that this is one of those truths which is partly true and hugely false. We believe that the people of Germany have concluded that some day or other they will be compelled to come to grips with Great Britain, but we believe also that, so far from the Kaiser having restrained them and held them back, it was he who provided them with their aspiration. It was the Emperor, and the Emperor alone, who forced upon Germany the view that she was entitled to consider herself a naval Power. It was the Emperor and the Emperor's party who formulated the entirely over-adequate naval programme in which Germany is now involved. And it can be proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that, so far from William II. being the friend of England, he has consistently plotted for her humiliation. He may have held his people back on more than one occasion. But the ruffian who waits for you with a savage dog on a dark night may hold his dog back without being in the least well disposed towards you. We are of opinion that the Kaiser's only chance in life now is rigorously to keep himself out of the public eye. Indeed, if the Crown Prince were a few years older and had put on more of the figure of a man, we believe that the kindest and wisest advice that could be offered to Wilhelm II. would be that he should abdicate. He has probably as much brains and as much common sense and as much sincere love for his people, and as great a desire for peace as the next monarch. But he has dismissed his divinity and dragged his purple in the mud. His punishment should be heavy and sure. And we do not think that in endeavouring to repair, as she will naturally endeavour to repair, the enormous and unthinkable mischief Wilhelm II. has worked in Europe the people of Germany should show him the slightest consideration or the slightest mercy. The lesson for England is palpable. We must keep the

ships and the men prepared, and we must have the money ready always. Our only friend in Germany is this conceited, advertising, garrulous, whimpering Kaiser; and the sooner we learn that, despite his protestation, he is a broken reed the better will it be for us. In the meantime the example of William II. will no doubt be profitable to all other monarchs.

THE SUPERGOD

THE wonderful dulness of the "poetry" which is nowadays issued from the press cannot be denied. England may or may not be a nest of singing-birds, but it is certain that the birds who have managed to pipe publicly of late do not strike one as being in the least over competent. The fact is that with respect to poetry, as with respect to most of the other arts, the world would appear to be too much with us. There are fifty considerations and fifty distractions which our younger performers (not to mention their elders) find it more agreeable to encourage than an austere following of the muse. Of course they are not to be too severely condemned for this, inasmuch as they are constitutionally incapable of real achievement in their own art, and as they believe that they must live somehow it is natural that they should turn their hands to other matters than mere poetry. We have been moved to these remarks by the perusal of a new publication of Mr. John Davidson's which is called, very modestly, "The Testament of John Davidson," and has just been issued by Mr. Grant Richards. We do not think that Mr. Davidson has ever established any real claim to be considered a poet. On the other hand, he has written a great deal of verse, and a great deal of blank verse, and it is as poet that he wishes to figure before the world. So far as the poetry in the present volume is concerned we have no particular quarrel to pick with the author. He has no doubt done his best, though it is an ill best, and it is comforting to see a man striving, even though he fails. Our complaint about Mr. Davidson is that he cannot apparently be content to exercise the poetical function; he wishes us to take him for a seer and a prophet, and even for a god, and, consequently, he drops out of poetry into a sort of didactic blank verse, and out of didactic blank verse into common prose. This "Testament of John Davidson" consists of a matter of 148 pages, thirty-two of which are taken up by a prose dedication, and the remainder with blank verse. And one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Davidson writes both prose and verse, not because he has got anything to say, but because he feels it incumbent upon him to say something, and to say that something in a voice which will "attract attention." The dedicatory, or tract-like, portion of Mr. Davidson's dull volume takes the shape of an address to the "Peers Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," and it contains matter which, not to put too fine a point upon it, is eminently unpoetical. The peers temporal are told, among other things that each of them has inherited or accepted a title which he "shares with the Creator of the Universe"—the common title of Lord. Mr. Davidson evidently imagines that this fetch is exceedingly smart, and that it will stamp him at once as an author of large perceptions and daring intellect. He works it in with his opening paragraph, and his pride in it is probably huge. But nobody but Mr. Davidson will be pleased with it. And we very much doubt, even, if it be new, for it seems to us more than likely that it must have occurred long ago to more than one of the zealous Atheistic orators who make Hyde Park and the other open spaces of London so hideous on a Sunday.

It is just this vulgar disposition to say the obviously outrageous and unnecessary thing that makes Mr. Davidson impossible. He is as full of brutal whimsies as an egg is full of meat, and when he has thrown them at you with a great air of genius you find yourself convinced that he is not a genius at all, but a despairing sort of posturer. As a

sort of sample of what he can do in prose we may cite the following:

There have been instances of men able to hold their own intellectually with women; and, indeed, man's rudimentary intellect is only a few marks lower in capacity than that of woman. . . . You are on the verge of reversion to a community of goods and women, a community of goods and men; some condition of things in which the old tribal system of polyandry and polygyny, never entirely superseded, will coalesce and become universal. . . . Thus I break the world out of the imaginary chrysalis, or cocoon, or Other World in which it has slumbered so long; and man beholds himself not now as that fabulous monster, half-god, half-devil, of the Christian era, but as Man, the very form and substance of the Universe, the material of eternity, eternity itself, becomes conscious and self-conscious. This is the greatest thing told since the world began.

Mr. Davidson's sententious impudence will deceive nobody. He is welcome to his own view about the superiority of the feminine intellect, and we shall be quite willing to admit that nine women out of ten are the intellectual superiors of Mr. John Davidson. But we go no further. And when Mr. John Davidson assures us that we are on the verge of a community of goods and a community of women, or that he has told us "the greatest thing since the world began," we know exactly what manner of mountebank he is. According to the Socialists, community of goods and community of women are to save the world. Mr. Davidson is not by any means the discoverer of this theory. Unfortunately, however, the world prefers to be damned. And if Mr. Davidson imagines that the gospel of materialism and the theory that man is God are new under the sun—and we judge from his prattle about helping the world out of cocoons that he does—he may take it from us that here again he is vastly mistaken, and he can prove it for himself by going round to the nearest free library and looking up the subjects in an old encyclopædia. Mr. Davidson is entirely without a message for his time. It is no disgrace to him that he should be so lacking. The pity of it is that he should waste his energies in a vain endeavour to conjure up a sham and spurious "Testament" which at the very best is an old testament, and does not belong to John Davidson at all. And if in prose Mr. Davidson makes himself ridiculous, what shall he not do in blank verse? This is how he begins:

"When suddenly the world was closed to me,
And every road against my passage barred,
I found a door that opened into space;
I built a lodge celestial for myself,
An outcast's palace in the Milky Way;
I banqueted my body and my soul
On light and sound, the substance of the stars,
Ethereal tissue of eternity;
And took my ease in heaven, the first of men
To be and comprehend the Universe."

Despite his own view on the subject, Mr. Davidson is no more the universe than is the next giraffe, and he has no more ultimate comprehension of the universe than the meanest man that lives. There is nothing for any of us to comprehend which we do not comprehend, and Mr. Davidson has found no way out, nor will he or any other man ever find a way out of the defined limits of human comprehension. It is not poetry to say the thing which is not, even if you say it in blank-verse. Further on Mr. Davidson grows very fierce and wild indeed. He gives us such lines as:

"'Insanity!' the goddess cried; 'a wild,
A sacrilegious lie!'"

"Quaternion of elements (vapours three,
Azote and hydrogen, with oxygen,
The great protagonist, and carbon, crowd
And chorus, common tissue of the whole),
Wherein the ether lightened into life

Organical—amcebae, monera,
Bacteria, diatoms, single cells
That sped through differentiation, changed
Environment and series manifold.
By natural selection and sexual."

"I come, I said; and sang the body of man:—
Mucus, the blood unlit; on fire as blood;
In flesh, compact and baked like earthenware;
In nerve as pith; as mineral in bone;
Fibrous in muscle; and in the viscera,
Vegetal; repeating, in the microcosm,
Electron, atom, system, universe."

We suppose that this is some of the blank verse which the *Athenæum* describes as beautiful, and which has even ravished the heart of *The Guardian*, and for ourselves we are free to own that we do not like it, and that nothing could induce us to like it. It is just vicious and undesirable metricism. And, quite apart from considerations of verse, we are treated to paraphrases of the *Freethinker* like the following:

"I know of Him,"

I said, eager to speak. "The sorcery
Whereby he seemed to quell the other gods
Was twofold. First and foremost, reiterant
Assertion of supreme dominion, I
Am I; there is no God but Me, assailed
The Jewish mind for ages, and destroyed
The sense of hearing for the voice of gods
Less arrogant. To make Himself renowned
Beyond all rivalry, in mythic times
Jehovah had proclaimed Himself the world's
Creator, never imagining that men
Would wrest its secret from the Universe.
Howbeit, long before we understood
That all things of themselves evolved, His boast—
He had pronounced the whole creation good!—
Exposed Him to derision—great indeed,
The world was and will always be, but good
It never can become."

So that one way and another Mr. John Davidson evidently imagines that he, at any rate, is not only superman but supergod. We all know the tag as to the alliance of great wit and madness. The relation of little wit to idiocy is strikingly borne in upon us by this preposterous volume.

POOR MEN'S HOUSES

THE modern literary dilettante is fairly fertile in what he is pleased to call "gospels." Once in a couple of years at any rate he manages to hit upon a new method of singularity, or a cultus or "movement" over which he does his best to run mad, and to induce as many people as possible to accompany him. We have had the literary gentlemen who swear in prose and verse by "The Open Life." They find magic in roads. Men may come and men may go, but roads go on for ever, as it were. Let me be up and off with a good heart into the morning, for the road lies sweetly before me; it is free and open and hard and white, and good for the wayfarer's foot. It beckons me I know not whither! And so on and so forth. Then we have the cult of semi-Socialism and sympathy with the Russian peasant—Tolstoism, in fact. For the purposes of this species of amusement we grow our hair longish, wear a red tie, and "stride about the streets" rather than walk, and we spend our nights devising sombre and rather maudlin problem-plays which nobody will produce. Of late, too, we have had the week-end country cult. The gospel of "back to the land" and "dig for your dinner" has been flung at us with some zeal by youth and beauty of various literary capacities. It is to be said, however, in justice to the exponents of these extraordinary shibboleths, that almost without exception they are persons who are fully alive to the advantages of civilisation, and whose leanings in the direction of a return to barbarism amount really

to little more than a pleasing pretence. The very latest of them, however, would seem to be the possessor of a certain amount of sincerity. His name is Stephen Reynolds, and he has written a book called "A Poor Man's House." In this work he recounts not unentertainingly his experiences as a lodger in the dwelling of a Devon fisherman who, let it be said, is not altogether too poor, even in this world's goods, and who is rich in the possession of a second wife and certain small children. Mr. Reynolds, it seems, settled with these people in the beginning for purposes of a more or less fictional order. Ultimately, however, he was so taken by their squalor and their want of culture, and the innocence and simplicity of their lives, that he decided not to write a novel about them, but to give us a plain unvarnished picture or transcript of them. For this much we are grateful, because all life is interesting—in pictures; and if Mr. Reynolds had left off here we might have been saved his gospel. So far from leaving off, however, he proceeds heroically to advocate the poor man's life as the ideal life, and he professes himself to have adopted it. It would no doubt astonish Mr. Reynolds to be informed that his knowledge of poor men's houses is very scant indeed. He has resorted apparently to a remote fishing village, and he has had the luck to light there upon a family who, while they may have known the pinch of poverty, are nevertheless persons who have managed to eat their fill every day and to lie warm in their beds every night. Furthermore, a poor man's house by the sea always possesses and shares, in common with the richest man's house by the sea, advantages which are undeniable, inasmuch as they are provided by the sea itself. With plenty of ozone, a fishing-boat, good friends among the fishermen, tobacco, and an income of a few pounds a week, almost any healthy man can live by the sea, among common people, and on rough fare, without lusting too furiously for the fleshpots of the modern flat or hotel. He can readily dispense, too, with the society of the cultivated, the lack of which is really no deprivation to anybody, and we can well understand how such a man should gradually come to the conclusion that because he is happy in this *milieu* that everybody else in it is also happy, and even to be envied. Mr. Reynolds winds up his revelation about his friends, the poor fisherman and the poor fisherman's wife and children, with the following remark: "In any case my belief grows stronger that the poor have kept essentially what a schoolboy calls the better end of the stick." Now if this be not an idle remark it is a remark of an obviously grave character. Mr. Reynolds, we believe, would assert that it is true. We are not prepared to deny that a man like Mr. Reynolds's poor fisherman, who gets his living out of the waters, who is innocent of book-learning, and who considers that his wife is addressing him in terms of endearment when she calls him "a gurt, ugly cat," may possibly be supremely blessed. But we do deny that he has got hold of the better end of the stick; for it is plain that, if this is the better end of the stick, we ought all of us to proceed assiduously to get hold of it, a proceeding which, if there be the slightest virtue in human aspirations, would be absolutely ridiculous. And it must be noted, too, that Mr. Reynolds's poor man cannot in any sense be considered a typical poor man, but rather an exceptionally lucky poor man. If Mr. Reynolds will leave his picturesque fishing village and his delightfully unsophisticated persons in rude health, and reside with a poor cockney family who live on tea and bread and margarine, with an occasional divagation into fried fish and chip potatoes, up three dirty flights of stairs in a London slum, and will come forth from his retreat still assuring us that the poor have got hold of the better end of the stick, we shall be disposed to admit that there may be something in his point of view; but we know perfectly well that Mr. Reynolds could never come to any such conclusion, and that consequently he is really trifling when he expatiates upon the delights of poverty and squalor. Here is an extract from our author's postscript, which is intended, we take it, in the nature of a summary of what happens to a

man of some education who voluntarily takes a few steps down in the second grade :

I am often asked why I have forsaken the society of educated people, and have made my home among "rough, uneducated" people in a poor man's house. The briefest answer is that it is good to live among those who, on the whole, are one's superiors.

It is pointed out with considerable care what ill-effects such a life has, or is likely to have, upon a man. It is looked upon as a kind of relapse. But to settle down in a poor man's house is by no means to adopt a way of life that is less trouble. On the contrary, it is more trouble.

It is true that most of what schoolmasters call one's accomplishments have to be dropped. One cannot keep up everything anywhere.

It is true that one goes to the theatre less and reads less. Life, lived with a will, is play enough, and closer acquaintance with life's sterner realities renders one singularly impatient with the literature of life's frillings. I do not notice, however, that it makes one less susceptible to the really fine and strong things of literature and art.

It is true that one drops into dialect when excited; that one's manners suffer in conventional correctness. I suppose I know how to behave fairly correctly—I was well taught at all events; but my manners never have been and never will be so good, so considerate as Tony's. 'Tisn't in me.

It is true that one becomes much coarser. One acquires a habit of talking with scandalous freedom about vital matters which among the unscientific educated are kept hid in the dark, and go fusty there. But I do not think there is much vulgarity to be infected with here. Coarseness and vulgarity are incompatibles. It was well said in a book written not long ago that "Coarseness reveals, but vulgarity hides." Vulgarity is chiefly characteristic of the non-courageous, who are everlastingly bent on climbing up the social stairs. Poor people are hardly ever vulgar until they begin to "rise" into the middle-class.

On the whole this is pretty bad, no matter from what point of view one considers it. Mr. Reynolds forces us to regard his philosophy as quite personal to himself. It is questionable whether he actually understands what it is that he would have us do. It is sheer nonsense to assert that the life of the poor does not preclude them from the enjoyment of the really fine and strong things of literature and art. Such a life may not preclude Mr. Reynolds, but that it does preclude the persons whom he considers his superiors is proved by the fact that those persons know absolutely nothing about the really fine things of literature and art, nor can you bring such knowledge within the range of their comprehension. It is true that some of the fishermen in this book are made out to possess a certain feeling for a sort of literature. One of them, at any rate, sings songs as seafaring men will. "I think he sees his songs as well as sings them," says our author. "I often wonder what pictures are flitting through his mind beneath (as I imagine) the place where the thick grizzled hair thins to the red forehead. His voice is a high tenor. I make accompaniment an octave below, whilst Mrs. Widger—a little nasal in tone and not infrequently adrift in tune—supports him from above.

We sang

THE POOR SMUGGLER'S BOY

"Your pity I crave;
Won't you give me employ?
Or forlorn I must wander,"
Said the poor smuggler's boy.

Then

THE SKIPPER AND HIS BOY

Over the mounting waves so 'igh,
We'll sail together, my boy and I—I,
We'll sail together, my bo-oy and I!

We wonder what Mr. Reynolds's rantin', roarin', song-singing fishermen friends would make of, say :

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding dong bell.

Out of respect to Mr. Reynolds they might no doubt have received such a stave without violent demur, but they would say in their hearts, "This gen'lleman is a little gone in the upper storey. Gie I for a song something with 'Over the mounting wave so 'igh' in it." It is a very easy thing to put slights upon education and upon culture. It is easy to assert that there is much sorrow in wisdom, and in point of fact nobody doubts it; but if we are to argue that the poor man's happiness is a matter that the cultivated man should envy and endeavour to compass, we might as well set ourselves to eat grass with the sheep at once. If he will follow himself to his logical conclusion, Mr. Reynolds will inevitably arrive at the herding-with-sheep stage. There are reasons for presuming that sheep are supremely happy. In any case, they do not suffer as the happiest and richest of human persons have to suffer. And consequently, if we are to become fishermen, there is no reason why we should not try to become sheep.

For the rest, as we have said, Mr. Reynolds has produced an interesting book. His literary skill is not slight, and he has the literary eye for selection. It is these qualities really which make him such a bad philosopher. "A Poor Man's House" is a book which will bear perusal, and, for our own part, we should prefer it to any fiction that has been produced during the past season or so. The flaw in it is the propaganda. This is a flaw, however, which the general run of readers will quite willingly forgive, and which, indeed, they will probably count to Mr. Reynolds's credit rather than to his discredit.

AN OLD LOVE STORY

OF all our Saxon Kings the hero of his own and many succeeding ages was certainly Edgar rather than Alfred. He was the Romulus, Cyrus, Alexander, and Charlemagne of England, who commanded the worship of both lay and ecclesiastic Englishmen, and who became a saint because his body stubbornly refused to yield to corruption. He was, like Julius Cæsar, one of those short, active little gentlemen whose great exploits fill a theatre out of all proportion to their persons. Perhaps the clerical chroniclers have been a little apt to give St. Dunstan more than his share of the praise for the peace and success of Edgar's reign. It was Edgar about whom Kinad, King of Scots, said jestingly at a banquet that it was a marvel how so many provinces should obey so sorry a little fellow. The Court fool enlarged upon the theme, and made a song of it. The little king, unknown to all, sent for his royal brother, led him aside into a wood and produced two swords, giving him his choice :

"You can now prove your power," he said, "and I will show you which of us two ought to command the other. You shall not stir until you settle this point, for it is shameful in a King to babble at banquets and not be ready in deed."

Kinad gracefully begged pardon for his jest and the matter blew over. Little Edgar was devoted to women, as Gaimar laments in eloquent Norman. Indeed, when his wife was dead, his life was much harmed by women. Now there lived in the West, once on a time (that is to say in 949 A.D.), a rich old man, Orgar, who owned property in every city from Exeter to Frome. His daughter was so lovely "that I suspect under heaven there was none so beautiful," and she was her father's idol and monarch. Edgar's royal ears tingled at the tale. The lady was nobly

born on both sides. She was rich. She was named Ehstruet, which sounds well with Edgar; and the little King would hear further of the matter. He called aside his friend Ethelwolt, and sent him to certify, with strict orders to return. Ethelwolt spurred away to the errand, and was welcomed all the way. When he arrived the old man and the lovely maid were playing chess—they had learnt it from the Danes. But behold, the half had not been told by fame. Face, colour, shape, hands, all were complete. She seemed a lovely flower, an elfin maid, one not born of woman. Alas! his heart turned traitor, and he told Edgar that she had been overflourished. Such perjury was certain to bring down heaven's wrath, and "in three years he was killed unconfessed," for he had lightly belied this masterpiece. Friends at court promised their help. She was ugly and dark, he said, and of a sour visage, and he had noted other defects in her. She was fitter for the servant than the master. The others declared they had heard the same, so the trustful Edgar told Ethelwolt to pack and marry. The felon-deceiver swore fealty, and, darting away, seized the prize. In due time came the customary baby, but the fond and foolish Ethelwolt had confided the true tale to his lady, no doubt thinking that she would be gratified. Alas! she was most indignant and openly repined. The wily Ethelwolt asked a favour of the King, that he would stand sponsor to the babe, knowing well that if he did he became Elstruet's brother by Canon Law, and thus could never win her hand. One sad night at supper the King heard men praising her—so lovely, so witty, so wise, so good—that in a flash he thought "Ethelwolt has tricked me." He promptly set out to hunt the red deer in Devon, and in two days he was riding to ask for supper, although the sun still shone out upon the dissimulating hunter. He found many ladies there, but he knew her among them all by her beauty. She wore a wimple, and kissed him welcome. He jestingly lifted her cloak and saw a perfect figure. They sat down together to sup, and changed goblets, mazers, and horns. At each cup the usual kiss passed, and he drank till he slept. "He resolved upon an extreme measure. To take a wife from her husband is an extreme measure." He sent her stags, then other presents. He came again, and the wretched husband begged her to put on her worst attire, but she put on all her bravery, and was more terrible than an army with banners. A week after the barons were cited to Salisbury and Ethelwolt was given a district north of the Humber, where hard knocks were more frequent than glory. Some persons unknown slew him at once, and to get the fief Elstruet had to come to Court, and she came exceedingly richly dressed with the knights of four shires in her train. Such a ring on her finger, and such a rustling train of black silk, and over it a mantle of vair, blue without! "Have done, Gaimar! If I should speak all day I should not tell one-third part of her beauty." The King was delighted and held her hand. The first thing in the morning the chaplains married them at Mass time. Every one was feasted. The King rained gifts and restitutions. The Kings even of Wales were fed. Elstruet was crowned too, and three swords were borne before them and all men rejoiced—all, that is, but one. The honeymoon was over, when Dunstan stalked into the King's room early in the morning, and drew back the scarlet silk curtains, and asked, Who is this? The King replied meekly that it was Elstruet, his wife, approved of the people. The Archbishop fiercely denounced this no-marriage, and said it were better for Edgar to be dead than thus heap up wrath to come. The lovely Queen was furious, but Edgar received the rebukes meekly. Dunstan often bade them to separate, but "his admonitions had no effect. He loved her and she loved him," and so not even the greatest of Englishmen could undo the knot. Alas! the story does not end here, for when Edgar was buried Elstruet it was who got his son Edward stabbed on his horse, and made her own son Ethelred King in his place. But she confessed to Dunstan at the last, and did penance and served God well at Warwelle Nunnery, where she died, and in her memory they had Masses, Matins, Dirges,

and Orisons. "May God do towards her that which is His pleasure! He had the power to forgive her," says Gaimar, and so the curtain falls.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A COUPLE of new journals have been brought into the world during the past week. One of them is called *The Modern Man*, and professes to be "a journal of masculine interest." The other is called *The Englishman*. We note that the journal of "masculine interest" is extremely masculine indeed. It contains among other matter a feature entitled "Business is Business." And the first article in this engaging department is headed "Exacting a Rise":

The best way to put it [we are informed] is to say that you like working for the firm very much and would be sorry to leave it, but that if you have reached the limit of your usefulness it would probably be better for both parties that you should do so.

We should have imagined that the best way to put it would be to say that you wanted "a rise," and could you have it? But business is business. Our contemporary further indulges in remarks about "tea money"—which is obviously a most masculine subject. It informs us sententiously that "the minimum cost of tea, bread and butter in the London tea-shops is 4d." This is not nearly so alarming as were the confessions of Mr. Peter Keary on the subject, as set forward in that wonderfully masculine work "Get On or Get Out." However, that is another story. In *The Englishman* we find an article entitled "Why I Start a Newspaper." If *The Englishman* does not improve in quality the Editor will soon be writing a companion piece, called "Why I Gave it Up." We append a sample of the foolishness of *The Englishman*:

Time, 6 p.m., Saturday night, October 24th, 1908.—Will Thorne let out on a nominal caution from magistrate after this style: "No harm done this time, but don't do it again." Suffragettes, on the other hand, inhumanly and unjustly condemned for precisely similar public offence to three months' imprisonment.

The fact that Miss Pankhurst and her partners in tribulation could have gone free on terms precisely similar to the terms upon which Mr. Thorne was allowed to go free is of no consequence to *The Englishman*.

We note that Mr. Justice Grantham considers that prison is too easy. "The treadmill," he says, "has been of good service and was useful, but it has been done away with because it was degrading, yet undoubtedly it was a punishment which prisoners did not like." There is a certain confusion of thought here, but that of course is what we must expect from Mr. Justice Grantham. There are people who would find it difficult to conceive how a thing can be at once useful and degrading, but in any case it seems to us that it would be a pity to revive a degrading punishment merely on the ground that prisoners did not like it. We are no advocates of the theory that the King's prisons should be converted into bowers of roses. On the other hand, we see no reason in the world why they should not be made quite as comfortable as the average casual ward. To deprive a man of his liberty for a term of years and to coop him up in dismal cells and keep him on starvation diet, is quite sufficient punishment without torturing him on silly wheels into the bargain.

In our engaging contemporary *The Book Monthly* we read as follows:

The secret of the authorship of the book "G. K. Chesterton: a Criticism" is really being kept. The publisher of it has no information on the subject, and Mr. Chesterton says he did not know the book was

appearing, and when it came out he did not know who wrote it. Now he has an idea, but he will commit himself no further than that.

We must take both Mr. Lancelot Julian Bathurst, and Mr. Chesterton at their word, but if they wish to know the name of the author of "G. K. Chesterton: a Criticism," we shall be happy to oblige them with it. These "secrets" are really never kept, and this usually because they are not worth keeping. *Apropos* of biographies of the living, we heard the other day a capital story. A lady-writer was lately hired by a publisher to write the Life of Mr. "X," and she called upon her victim with a view of material. Mr. "X." was more than kind, and on the lady expressing some polite diffidence as to her qualification for so important a work, he patted her on the back and remarked, "I am sure that you will do it excellently, my child, I have only one word of advice to give you—and that is, do not hesitate to be fulsome." And, naturally, the resultant book is as fulsome as all such books are. "G. K. Chesterton: a Criticism" will not be one of the things upon which Mr. Chesterton will be able to look back with pride if he happens at any time to achieve an assured position in letters. Probably, however, this consideration need not greatly trouble him.

Messrs. Methuen are advertising Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Holy Orders," as "the most important novel of the year." It appears that a second edition of "Holy Orders" is "now ready." In the same advertisement Messrs. Methuen announce that Mr. Lucas's novel, "Over Bemerton's," has gone into a third edition. "Over Bemerton's," however, is described as "an easy-going story." We have not read the book, any more than we have read "Holy Orders," but we will wager that Mr. Lucas's performance is worth ten of Miss Corelli's from a literary and "important" point of view. Yet Messrs. Methuen do not claim that "Over Bemerton's" is "the most important novel of the year." Of course it is impossible that Messrs. Methuen should be selling two novels, each of which is the aforesaid "most important novel of the year." It seems but yesterday that Mr. Werner Laurie was advertising Miss Victoria Cross as "England's greatest novelist." We are forced to the conclusion that the statements of this class of publisher as to the "importance" of the authors for whom they publish are not to be depended upon.

The *Times* newspaper has made a wonderful discovery. "Poetry," says the Thunderer, "is the soul of a man escaping in music." Do as we will, this trope conjures into the mind's eye the vision of a burglar escaping in a motor-car. You see what happens when the Harmsworth young men are sent round to assist Mr. Moberly Bell. Meanwhile the *Times* and Mr. Murray and the *Daily Mirror* are getting up a great fuss about "the world's cheapest book," which is another name for "The Life and Letters of Queen Victoria." Here is the *Daily Mail* on the subject:

There is an enormous demand for the "cheapest book in the world"—"The Letters of Queen Victoria"—which has been issued by the King's command. For weeks before the book was published orders began to pour into the publishing offices of Mr. John Murray and the *Times* Book Club.

Six days ago one of the largest first consignments of any single work ever produced in this country was sent out to the trade, and the first week's report shows that the sale of the work—published at 6s. by command of the King to bring it within reach of all his Majesty's subjects—is a record.

We read later that, while the original price of the book was £3 3s., it has been reduced "by the King's command" to 6s.; also that at "the *Times* Book Club yesterday the scene was most interesting," and, what is most important of all, that "Count Zeppelin, of airship fame, has already received the edition." We have nothing but respect for

"The Life and Letters of Queen Victoria," but we cannot profess any respect at all for such a method of pushing the work, cheap though it may be. The continual reiteration of "by the King's command" is as vulgar and as irritating as anything well could be.

We should doubt very much whether the King really did command that this book should be published at six shillings. It seems to us more than probable that the King's connection with the matter is a connection which results from the approaches of the *Times* and Mr. Murray to the King, and not from his Majesty's commands to Mr. Murray and the *Times*. And as for Count Zeppelin having been "already" supplied with the edition, what of it, any way? We shall expect to be informed next, with the usual flourish of Harmsworthian trumpets, that Mr. Hunnabale has purchased a copy. We have no desire unnecessarily to gird at either the *Times* or Mr. John Murray, but we consider that it is a thousand pities that such a worthy undertaking as the issue of a popular edition of these volumes should be tainted with the shoutings and drum-beatings and megaphone invitations to "walk up" of the common showman. Queen Victoria published her books in the most decorous and unobtrusive way, and, unless we misconstrue her character, she would have put down a pretty severe foot upon the method of the *Times* Book Club where any work of hers was concerned.

The idea of the *Westminster Gazette* solemnly conferring prizes for poetry has always struck us as being irresistibly comic. The amount of appalling doggerel that has been printed in the front part of the *Westminster* during the last few years has probably never been approached in any other paper. Even the *Spectator* would have "turned down" most of it, for while the editor of the *Spectator* probably knows just as little about poetry as the editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, he does occasionally have the good sense to take some of the poetry by ACADEMY poets which has been submitted to THE ACADEMY and rejected because, although passable work, it was not quite up to our standard. However, if the competitors who go in for the *Westminster's* poetry prize are satisfied nobody has a right to complain. By the way, in this connection we note with satisfaction that the *Saturday Review* printed last week a very charming poem by one of our poets—Miss Anna Bunston—which is very much to the *Saturday Review's* credit.

What has become of the Penny Classics? Early last year, if we remember rightly, Mr. Grant Richards announced that he was prepared to flood the country with the best literature at a penny a time. With this sublime purpose in view he opened a shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, and proceeded to produce penny editions of Tennyson and Dickens and Robert Burns. For months this establishment was the wonder of the publishing-trade, and, despite its sad, uncertain air of "no business," Mr. Richards contrived to keep it open. The other week, however, the premises were taken over by a firm of merchants in electrical fittings, and apparently the Penny Classics scheme is no more. This is the second business of Mr. Grant Richards which has been shut down during the last few years. We trust he will have better fortune with his publishing concern at Carlton Street. The Penny Classics may be said to have constituted about the maddest venture that publisher ever undertook, inasmuch as the people who want Penny Classics are usually quite devoid of pennies. Mr. Richards, however, appears to have had great faith in the penny public, and the penny public has failed him. In point of fact, one might just as well try to sell sovereigns for a penny as classics. The thing cannot be done—at a profit. We have heard nothing from Mr. Richards as to his relations with Mr. Henry Lowenfeld of bucket-shop fame. We wonder if Mr. Lowenfeld was concerned in the Penny Classics undertaking—because, if he was, the fact would be something in his favour.

REVIEWS

THE EARLY TORIES

The Early History of the Tories, from the Accession of Charles II. to the Death of William III. (1660-1702). By C. B. ROYLANCE KENT, M.A. (Smith, Elder, 12s. 6d. net.)

"To write the history of a religion," said M. Rénan, "it is necessary, firstly, to have believed it (otherwise we should not be able to understand how it has charmed and satisfied the human conscience); in the second place, to believe it no longer in an absolute manner, for absolute faith is incompatible with sincere history." Possibly the same test should be applied to the historian of a political party. It may be admitted that the ideal historian is he who steers a straight course between the Scylla of partisanship and the Charybdis of prejudice, but even so the personal equation counts for much in any work of history that is not a mere dull register of facts. One would not, perhaps, go to Froude for an accurate reading of the Reformation period, but it must be admitted that Froude, with all his faults, is vastly more entertaining reading than Freeman (let us say), whose facts are seldom at fault, and whose judgments have seldom been successfully controverted.

Mr. Roylance Kent has his own method of writing history, and it is not one that commends itself to us. For he has succeeded in eliminating the personal equation altogether. He treats his subject as the vivisectioning surgeon treats his dog: blood, brains and viscera are each in turn subjected to a microscopic examination. Never once does the hand of the operator tremble, never once does any semblance of human emotion obtrude itself on his painful and painstaking task. This is scientific history with a vengeance! As, however, Mr. Kent would in all probability wish to be regarded as a scientific historian, he will be in no wise disturbed by these criticisms. And whatever may be thought of Mr. Kent's particular method, it is only fair to say that in this volume he has placed all students of English political history under a deep and permanent debt of obligation. This book is one, it is safe to assert, that will have to be reckoned with by every future writer on the late Stuart period. It is a monument of careful and industrious research, and we, for our part, shall await with eagerness that second instalment which Mr. Kent half promises in his prefatory chapter.

The history of the early Tories is to a very large extent the history of the seventeenth century doctrine of the Divine right of kings and its application to the political life of that period. It is sufficiently evident that the Divine right of kings is one of those theories that Mr. Kent has contemptuously stigmatised as "absurd," but of its political utility there can be little question. The overthrow of the Protectorate had resulted in a corresponding disintegration of the social order. Parliament as an institution had been robbed of its effectivity. The Constitution had been trampled upon by a powerful but unscrupulous dictator, and the conditions that make for social anarchy were rife. With the restoration of the Stuarts the country was permitted a breathing-space. It was at leisure to consider how best to adapt itself to the changed conditions, on what basis to raise the edifice of a permanent policy by means of which the ends of order and of good government should be subserved. But the centre and symbol of authority was missing. What more natural than to discover it in the representative person of the reigning sovereign? Thus the theory of Divine right became, as it were, a standard round which the scattered and disparate forces of national life could rally, and out of it sprang Toryism.

Toryism is described by Mr. Kent as the "static" force in politics, in opposition to Liberalism, which is more properly regarded as "dynamic." In other words, Toryism "is the sum total of the forces which, springing from the natural law of habit, make for permanence and order, and consolidate national power and durability." It is always liable to degenerate into stagnation and to an unwarranted application of the principle of *laissez-faire*, and there have

been periods when it has been found unfaithful to its traditions. On the whole, however, we may conclude that Toryism has proved the great preservative force in English political life. It has saved us from the horrors of mob-rule and of wild and intemperate revolutions. It implies always the existence of a Divinely-appointed order of society, and it is not perhaps without significance, as showing how political parties tend to react upon each other, that its fundamental principle has been most eloquently stated by Edmund Burke, the philosophical exponent of eighteenth-century Whiggism:

The awful Author of our being is the Author of our place in the order of existence; and having disposed and marshalled us by a divine tactic, not according to our will, but according to His. He has in and by that disposition virtually subjected us to act the part which belongs to the place assigned to us.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Kent through the whole course of this laborious history. Certainly he exhibits no undue bias in the direction of Toryism. His censures, indeed, seem at times to be stronger than the occasions warrant. We are very far from seeking to justify those methods of reprisal towards Nonconformity which the Tories adopted during the reign of Charles II.—methods which they had assuredly borrowed from the Commonwealth-men; but there is at least something to be said in their defence. Mr. Kent states the case with admirable precision:

Unity and homogeneity are the distinctive notes of Toryism. Now, if there was one thing more than another that ran counter to those distinctive notes, it was the progress of Dissent. It was here that in a marked degree diversity and heterogeneity were strongly operating forces, for, when dissent from established forms has once begun (*sic*), it invariably multiplies itself. Nonconformity, in a word, is anti-Tory; it is a movement in the sphere of religion from homogeneity to heterogeneity; and it was doubtless for this reason that the Tories, with an instinctive perception of the essential nature of the movement, tried to meet it with all the force at their disposal. The centrifugal and dissociative tendencies of heterodoxy were opposed by the centripetal and agglutinative power of a Church established by the State.

It may, perhaps, not unfairly be urged that any attempt at that time to loosen the rein would have been attended by a reversion to those chaotic conditions out of which the nation had, slowly and with infinite pain, emerged.

Mr. Kent's various summaries of the principal protagonists in the political drama of that period are excellent. Evelyn, Clarendon, Butler, Hobbes (for we agree with Mr. Kent in his vindication of the essential Toryism of the author of "Leviathan," who must nevertheless have found himself in the company of strange bedfellows), Halifax, Dryden—each is subjected to that minute and conscientious scrutiny which is so characteristic of this volume as a whole. Mr. Kent takes leave of his subject with the death of William III., but as he appears to have collected a vast mass of relevant material, we trust that his somewhat faintly-expressed design of bringing the volume down to the accession of the House of Hanover will be fulfilled.

A LEISURELY MOTORIST

An English Holiday. By J. J. HISSEY. (Macmillan and Co., 10s.)

Few persons who own a motor-car, we imagine, can "saunter" through the country with the grace and geniality of the author of this book. Mr. Hissey is one of those admirable and enviable people for whom speed, as such, is insignificant; who will pull up at sight of an old church, a dilapidated manor-house, or a barn touched with the individuality of some long-dead architect; who prefer byroads to main roads, avoid large towns, and keep a keen eye for ancient inns and village crosses; and, from the traveller's point of view, it has been a pleasure to read his latest record of explorations in England. There is a captivating atmosphere of irresponsibility about it; the author and his wife, at a few hours' notice, set out from

their home at Eastbourne definitely for Nether Stowey and the Quantock Hills certainly; but, having arrived there and wandered round, they simply followed the mood of the moment and the nearest sign-post or the likeliest-looking lane—on one occasion, when there was a choice of two roads, taking the one which eliminated the necessity of turning their car round! The tour reminds us of an essay of Elia in its pleasant discursiveness. This free-and-easy method of procedure led them from Nether Stowey (and, of course, Coleridge) to Dunster, Exeter, Taunton, Bridgwater, Bristol, Tewkesbury, Alcester, Kidderminster; back southward as far as East Hagbourne (near Abingdon), then north-east through Buckingham, Northampton, Peterborough, and Wisbech to King's Lynn; south again to Ipswich, and finally home *via* St. Albans, Staines, and Dorking to Eastbourne, avoiding London. The inconsequence—and enjoyability—of such a comprehensive circle is apparent from a glance at the map of the route at the end of the book, and Mr. Hissey has made his notes into a very interesting volume, capably illustrated by his own photographs. Quotations, from Congreve to Ruskin and Swinburne, adorn his pages, and he has jotted down many quaint epitaphs, inscriptions, and fragments of history. With regard to the latter, we may give one amusing incident which goes to explain the astonishing tales told by local "guides" to the unwary wanderer. The author had been expostulating:

"You see, sir," said the guide, "as how I gets a lot of Americans over this place, and they tips me according to what I tells 'em, so I'm obliged to put a bit of extry history in here and there, or they would never be satisfied. It's quite harmless, it delights 'em, and don't hurt nobody. They want a bit of history with every room, and I oblige 'em to the best of my ability. . . . The worst mistake as ever I made was when I got Oliver Cromwell a-hunting after Queen Mary. It's quite an art, I assure you, to be a guide and make no mistakes. A bit of extry history does so add to the interest of a place, and I seldom has complaints. . . . You see, I've my living to get and a family to keep, and all the people I tell about be dead and gone, so what's the harm?"

There are many little dissertations which we should like to quote, but space will not permit. We are rather sorry Mr. Hissey's signposts did not lead him farther west into Cornwall, where he would have found plenty to occupy his pen; but he may have already treated of the Duchy in another of his books.

From the traveller's point of view, we observed, "An English Holiday" had been pleasant to read; we must now, in the friendliest fashion, point out to the author some ways in which he may add to our pleasure in the next volume on his attractive list. He uses the note of exclamation to a degree which is preposterous—a few sentences taken at random will illustrate this: "It seemed as though the river were chatting to us!" "All around us was a wide expanse of greenery fading away into a sea-like horizon of circling blue, where the world seemed to end!" "The sun thereon mostly rises or sets in a riot of colour, in a glory of melting rubies and gold!" "But the notice-board would not avail at night! Perhaps the trains do not run after dark!" "Traditions have gathered round and cling to it, as naturally as ivy gathers round and clings to a ruin!" "Not a soul was to be seen in all that lengthening distance! We were alone with earth and sky!" The only effect of this false emphasis is a bad weakening of whatever is expressed; it is reminiscent of the penny dreadful, also of Miss Marie Corelli. He is far too fond of tags in inverted commas: "May their shadows never grow less," "The good old days," "When the winds blow 'wild and loud,'" "When he found it 'brought grist to the mill,'" "We 'got away' from Exeter," "Many of these articles are 'picked up' by wealthy American curio-seekers;" "Why is it, I wonder, that certain ancient buildings, however innocent they may be of any eventful doings, and though they may be plain to ugliness without, still have the power of impressing the imaginative traveller with 'a sense of mystery'—a feeling that, could their walls but speak, they might some unrecorded tragedy unfold?" "I must confess that it was the tempting opportunity of an extended stretch of deserted road, with no human being, nor dog,

nor fowl, nor cat, nor house for leagues in sight, that caused us to do a bit of harmless scorching and 'to show the mettle' of our car."

This sort of thing is irritating, and we are unfeignedly sorry to hear the story of the curate's egg again, even in an allusion. The musings are often too trite and obvious to be worth preserving:

Such scenery is not stirring to the imagination, but it strongly appeals to the rest-seeking pilgrim, for a slumberous calm pervades it that is better than any medicine for jaded nerves; and the life of the fields, how tranquillising it is! What a delightfully lazy existence the cows seem to lead therein, slowly munching the grass or standing beneath the shade of the trees listlessly whisking the flies with their tails, and the time-mellowed farmsteads that dot the countryside, how suggestive they are of a dreamy, contented existence!

From the above paragraph it will be seen that the style inclines to the sententious. A man cannot easily change his style, but Mr. Hissey might, without much effort, avoid these faults, with the effect of intensifying his reader's enjoyment. It is perhaps hardly fair, but the title and purport of this book inevitably recall "English Hours," wherein Mr. Henry James, in his least involved and most charming manner, discourses on many things of the same *genre* as those which have claimed Mr. Hissey's attention. If Mr. Hissey has not read that notable and beautiful book, and will do so, we think he will appreciate the point of our concluding remarks. If he has read it, it will bear reading again.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE

Thirty-five Years in the Punjab. By G. R. ELSMIE.
(David Douglas, 9s. net.)

THERE has never been a Service that has deserved more of an Empire than the Indian Civil Service, and "Notes by the Way" of a thirty-five year long path of duty in the branch of that Service which administered the Punjab are what Mr. Elsmie offers us to read. His uncle was a Director of the East India Company, so it is not surprising that at the age of eighteen Elsmie found himself a student at Haileybury College, and he was among the last students who were nominated by a Director. The Indian Mutiny had begun, and with the Mutiny ended the rule of the great John Company, which had achieved so very much, but which had to pass the reins to Imperial hands before India could become a great empire within a greater one. Thus young Elsmie joined the Punjab Service during a period full of interest and of difficulty—the period of transition.

We read in these pages a true record of the daily life of an Indian Civil servant very representative of the Service. Scholarly, to some extent artistic, and above all a high-minded gentleman, Mr. Elsmie seems to have devoted his life untiringly to duty. He served under and near most of the great men whose names are familiar to us in connection with India, and particularly with India's frontiers. When he joined the Punjab service Sir Robert Montgomery was Lieut.-Governor, who seemed to have exercised over him a permanent influence long after he left the Punjab for the Indian Council in London. Lord Canning was Viceroy, but was soon succeeded by Lord Lawrence, and he ended his career under the Viceroyalty of Lord Lansdowne, when for a short time he became a member of the Indian Legislative Council and was nominated a C.S.I.

But the method adopted of telling this life's history is certainly unusual. Mr. Elsmie says in the preface that it is based on letters written to his father and mother during twenty-three years, and on a rough diary which he had kept during most of his career; accordingly, all throughout the volume the narrative is constantly interrupted by quotations from letters and extracts from the diary in unbroken sequence. To keep note of the passage of time under this system would be impossible, but happily the current year is printed at the top of every page. The diary admits us into the secret recesses of the writer's

mind, from the rate of exchange of the rupee and daily domestic cares to the working of the criminal code and to the policy of the several Governments on and beyond the frontiers. Many sermons heard, too, are given full appreciation.

Mr. Elsmie was called to the Bar during one of his few long furloughs to England, and much of his career in India was spent on the Bench; and he is never more interesting than when writing about his judicial experiences on the frontier, where Pathan custom and tradition makes killing a necessary sequence of loss of honour—real or imaginary—where murder is a profession; and he must have impressed himself on the tribesmen, for a colleague asking an Afghan chief for an opinion of him after he had left India was told:

Oh yes! He was the Sahib who, when examining a witness, used to put his eyeglass in his eye and was at once able to see whether truth was being spoken or not.

He published in 1884 "Crime and Criminals on the Peshawar Frontier," which obtained the approval of eminent jurists.

The most attractive of his Indian colleagues that we are introduced to is the late Sir Douglas Forsyth, whose many letters quoted are always breezy and full of interest. An interesting experience of the author's was to accompany Sir Douglas as his Secretary in 1869 on a mission to the Tsar's Government, at Lord Mayo's instance, to try to arrange amicably the Afghan Frontier question, which might have saved much trouble afterwards but for the indifference of the Duke of Argyll. For the Tsar quoted the interview as long after as 1883.

Letters from Sir Charles Bernard are also of interest, notably one written in 1872 (p. 167), when Secretary to the Government of Bengal, dealing with the vast extent of that province and the diversity of race, and of conditions of life—preparing the author's mind for the "partition of Bengal" which Lord Curzon brought about—following the maxim "Divide et Impera."

Much space is given to the separation of the Frontier Province from the Punjab, the act of that unpopular but able Viceroy, Lord Lytton, who employed Sir Lewis Pelly (unknown to the Frontier) as Commissioner to inquire into the question and to concert a Frontier policy; and then follow the Jowaki and Afghan campaigns, as viewed by an official of the Punjab and his colleagues.

Mr. Elsmie was appointed Commissioner of Lahore in 1885, and soon after became Vice-Chancellor of the Lahore University. His address to Convocation of December 2nd of that year (delivered in Urdu) is full of wisdom. It is a plea for the love of knowledge and for humility in its attainment.

Some humorous social sketches leaven a rather tedious book. A new Lieutenant-Governor was to be appointed. At a dinner party a selling lottery was held of the names of the favourites. Mr. Elsmie drew Sir Robert Egerton's name. We hope he sold for a good price, for he made an excellent Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab.

Theatricals were the social relaxation most congenial to Mr. Elsmie, and when a young man, first appointed to a post at Simla, his Puritan chief and friend, Sir Robert Montgomery, put a veto on his dramatic aspirations while so employed. But emancipation came in time, and (all to the gain of his readers) Mr. Elsmie took a leading part in many theatrical enterprises; and on one such occasion Rudyard Kipling wrote the prologue, and the leading lady was Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, a very talented actress. And we read of the high esteem in which this gifted writer was held by the country people of India.

With much latent interest hidden in its pages, we doubt if "Thirty-five Years in the Punjab" will recommend itself to a wide circle of readers. The author in his preface hardly hopes to interest others than "Old Punjabies and young men looking forward to service as Civil servants in India." For the other people "who like to read about India" it is regrettable that Mr. Elsmie should have given his work to them in this shape. There

are such long desert tracts between points of general interest.

FADED LILIES

Venice. By POMPEO MOLMENTI. Translated by HORATIO F. BROWN. Part III. *The Decadence*. Two Vols. (Murray, 21s.)

A MORE depressing story than that of Venice in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would be hard to find. And the weakness, the vanity, the futility of it all seems to have got into the very heart of the author in these last volumes, and to have taken the enthusiasm out of his writing. Those who wish for a close and just appreciation of the extravagances of Barocco and Rococo in Venetian art will find it written with that sense of boredom which only the frozen antics of stucco nymphs and putty can impress upon the mind. If the reader desires a discreet glimpse of the half-hearted passions, and the whole-hearted beastlinesses of a corrupt society, he will get that glimpse in these pages, revealed as it were with a weary gesture by one who has told the glories of a nation's history, and is driven by the prescribed extent of his task to set forth its shame as well. If he desires to assist at the toilet of a Venetian lady, who divides her time almost equally between attiring herself to attract and disattiring herself to seal the attraction of lovers as idle, as vain, and as unstable as herself, the author permits him to do so, with a half-sneer alike at the stage of national decay which produced the puppets and at the curiosity which promotes interest in their unworthy performances. It is a tale that must be told, but one that the writer hates to tell and his readers to read. The Venice that was the soul of vigour, of conquest, of enterprise is swallowed up in these latter days in the growth of vices that had once been but the defects of her great qualities. Always magnificent, she became extravagant without power. Always unscrupulous, she became turbulent without effect. Always selfish, she became self-indulgent without robustness. Always proud, she became vain without justification. The decadence is complete, but it is bitterly logical, horribly inevitable.

The actors are in harmony with the setting before which they strut. The welter of gilding and plaster that disfigured once stately interiors, the sensuous appeal of paganised churches, the abandonment of writhing and intertwining decoration in place of the strong, straight lines and rich, steady curves of the Byzantine and Gothic genius, are all appropriate enough to a people let loose from the self-restraint which had made them the bulwark of European civilisation; whose nobles, with the tradition of glorious war behind them, had become ruffling bullies, and whose great ladies had spoilt the trade of the harlots by their open and vigorous competition—a people whose convents had become little better than elegant and richly appointed brothels, and their schools of music the happy hunting-ground of procurers.

Signor Molmenti wades relentlessly through this mire, stirring as little of its slime as he may, and solacing himself and his readers with the beauties which sprang from the solid substratum of a submerged nation's genius. The chapter upon the scientific and literary movement is refreshing reading after the tale of degradation by which it is preceded. But even so we cannot help thinking that Signor Molmenti is compelled by his enthusiasm for older times rather than by strict truth to write:

The state which had once scaled the heights of glory disappeared in a kind of voluptuous stupor, not, however, debased by aught that was abject. In the society of Venice during the last days there were more defects than faults, frivolity of sentiment rather than violence of passion. Corruption never presented itself under the guise of a crude sensuality: it was never involved in turpitude, nor, as in ancient Rome, did it break into outbursts of brutality or mad lust.

Yet if this be so, and if Signor Molmenti seriously wished to make the best of Venice in her dark days, it is hard to

understand why the glory of her drama is scarcely more than touched upon. Venetian stage-setting might lack much of the richness of the Parisian theatres, as Venetians were wont to admit; but the comedy of Goldoni was a new, a living movement deserving of more than passing mention.

One can only suppose, as we have indicated at the outset of this notice, that the depression was so deep in the mind of the writer that it coloured even his appreciation of that which lay outside its darkness. But whatever the cause may be, certain it is that that gloom pervades the book, and renders it the more valuable thereby. The loss of proportion is almost essential to the proper contrast between greatness and decay, and we may congratulate the author upon having carried his task unflinchingly to the bitter end.

Of the work of translation, it would be fair to say that it is so good that we could wish there were more of it. There are moments, as in the reading of any translation, when we desire to turn to the original to correct or to verify an impression. But for the most part it conveys a first-hand impression. But the pity of it is that publishers—we do not think that the fault lies, as a rule, with the translators—will not realise that the people who cannot read Italian—or any other foreign language—in large print, are no more able to read it in small print, in the form of quotations or appendices. The voluminous and valuable extracts in the notes to the text of these volumes remain inaccessible to the English public, to whom the translation is addressed. And though there is more doubt as to the literary propriety of translating poetry, yet it is difficult to understand why it should be considered more comprehensible than prose—or of less importance; for one of these two beliefs is argued by retaining the barrier of language in the case of poetry. We may be accused of captiousness; but if it is presumed that the quotations from the Italian are comprehensible by the English reader, then we cannot for the life of us see why the book should have been translated at all. If not, then we cannot any the more understand why a part only of the book should have been translated. To those who are bilingual or polylingual such an arrangement is no bar to the great pleasure and profit which may be gleaned from Signor Molmenti's work. To the less gifted it is an annoyance and an obstacle.

MASTER AND MAN

The Spy. By MAXIM GORKY. (Duckworth, 6s.)

The Bomb. By FRANK HARRIS. (Long, 6s.)

THE relations between fiction and the intellectual gutter exhibit a tendency to become altogether too pronounced. It is assumed by what we may term the "revolutionary" type of novelist that the more brainless and criminal your characters the more tremendous is your "art," and the more vital and important is your "work." We do not remember that Mr. Maxim Gorky, who is a revolutionary Russian, has as yet managed to write a book which is really concerned with life, whether in his own country or elsewhere. With the unfortunate predilection of his kind, he would appear to have spent the whole of his days in a ghoulish search for mean, squalid, soulless, uninteresting, and cheaply offensive and disgusting persons, and he would apparently have us believe that these constitute humanity, and that evil intention and villainy and uncleanness are the sole attributes of mankind at large. And because he insists upon carrying his readers into a sort of unrelieved cesspool of a world, the existence of which is gravely to be doubted, and because in and out of season he overtly or covertly attacks authority of whatever species, the "intellectuals" and "stalwarts" and bleating, red-tied decadents, who are so much with us nowadays, accept him seemingly in the figure of an apostle and of a bright, particular, fictional angel; whereas he is a mere reporter of squalor, and a very bad and unreliable reporter at

that. We say that it is bad art to befoul and degrade and distort your fellow-men, even in story-books which are supposed in some occult way to be dangerous to the Government; and we are of opinion that nobody with a clear mind can be deceived by Gorky. We should consider him a dangerous writer, not politically dangerous but intellectually dangerous. And he is intellectually dangerous not because of any innate power of his own, but because the Socialists and their literary hangers-on have ascribed to him an importance which he does not possess, and procured for him a semi-cultivated and perverse public, who consider that his dulness and his foulness must be fine because they are Gorky. "The Spy" is a very fine sample of the kind of novel which the grinning, armchair revolutionary believes to be high literature. It will be read and "discussed" by people whose boast is that they are cultured and advanced, and we shall no doubt see it belauded as a work of genius or as another nail in the coffin of Russian tyranny. In point of fact it is just an undistinguished, tiresome, and in places nauseating tale, skilful perhaps in the way that the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's may be considered skilful, but on the whole foolish, unsavoury and ignominious. One is made to feel that if Gorky be indeed a friend of the Russian people they are much more to be congratulated on their supposed enemies.

Mr. Frank Harris will probably consider that we deal with him unkindly when we suggest that he is a pupil of Gorky. He will probably be able to show, with the help of an artificial memory, that he has never read Gorky in his life. Tourgeniev, we understand, is the literary idol whom Mr. Harris affects—"the English Tourgeniev" is the sobriquet after which Mr. Harris's proud spirit would appear to hanker. Hitherto, however, nobody has thus flattered him, save and except his own publisher. In the paper which Mr. Harris edits we have seen a page review of "The Bomb," which is topped up with the cryptic legend, "In Mr. Harris' absence abroad we take this opportunity of reviewing his new novel." When the cat's away the mice will play. Mr. Harris' private reviewer has naturally a soft place in his heart for Mr. Harris, and he asserts roundly that his employer "breaks all the recognised canons of novel-making," and that Mr. Harris has "kicked him into a new and a comfortable position in the scheme of things." And his penultimate tit-bit of praise runs as follows:

Schnaubelt's subsequent breakdown is one of the finest descriptions of neurotic collapse I remember reading.

Here you have Gorky and the Gorkins at their choicest "Your description of epileptic fits is the most wonderful in all literature; you have made a study of the consumptive's bedroom or of the back-yard of a house of ill-fame which will live for all time." This is the kind of twaddle to which the eminent literary revolutionary must be treated, whether he deserves it or no. We have read "The Bomb," and we consider that Mr. Harris' domestic reviewer does not understand the book in the least. It is a sincere book, and worth sounder reviewing. That the second half of it makes you read cannot be denied, though the first half or thereabouts is as dull and wooden as only Mr. Harris knows how to be. And just as in Gorky you invariably have the roping-in of a species of commercial sex interest, so you have it in "The Bomb." Mr. Harris, however, provides himself with a due supply of fig-leaves—one might almost say rhubarb-leaves. And, what is more, while he cannot keep himself from occasional whispers through the pornograph, he is desperately afraid of being considered naughty:

My passion, on the other hand, was full of incidents, and always new. The first time I ventured to kiss her neck (it makes me flush still to think of it) marks an epoch in my life; every liberty gained was an intoxication, so that it may seem in telling the story as if I gave undue place to passion.

Qui s'excuse s'accuse! We trust that the Princess of Monaco, to whom "The Bomb" is sprawingly dedicated, will put the book down when it begins to bore her, for if she goes further she will probably be sorry.

TWO DIANAS IN ALASKA

Two Dianas in Alaska. By AGNES HERBERT and a SHIKARI. (John Lane, 12s. 6d.)

ONE December, not long ago, two cousins, who are also good and gallant sportsmen, took ship for New York on their way to Alaska, there to add to trophies won in other lands the heads of the walrus, Alaskan bear, caribou, mountain sheep (*ovis Dalli*), and moose, and whatever else Alaska could yield to straight powder. From New York, with no delay, train was taken across the continent for Victoria, where they were to equip themselves for Alaskan shooting-grounds, and, by a wonderful coincidence, at Butte City, in Montana, where they changed railways, two inseparable friends were found, school-fellows and regimental comrades, who had lately been shooting in friendly rivalry to the fair sportsmen in Somaliland. One was "the leader," the other Ralph Windus, and they, too, found themselves possessed of a consuming desire to shoot in Alaska. So an expedition of four was organised. But it is explained that it was not an expedition of four, but two expeditions of two.

At Victoria the whaler *The Lily* was hired—skipper, Captain Clemens—and sailed for Kodiak, just south of Cook's Inlet, whither the four sportsmen proceeded by the steamer *Rome City*, and had an amusing as well as a picturesque journey.

At Kodiak four native hunters are hired, half Russian, half Aleut, and we are brought face to face with one of the chief obstacles to sport in Alaska—the high wages of the local huntsman and his independence.

The bears of Kodiak Island are among the largest in the world. They are fast becoming rare, and so the expedition began in pursuit of these—an expedition of many months of engrossing travel and sport. The first bear fell to the rifle of Miss Agnes Herbert, and the second to bullets fired by the two ladies simultaneously. The account of the death of this huge bear, on p. 65, is worth reading.

From Kodiak a course is laid up the Behring Sea coast, still in quest of bear. On p. 111 we read of how the Shikari's life was saved by Miss Herbert. A wounded bear, walked up, has risen. The leader pauses in his shot for fear of the risk to his fair fellow-huntress, who, however, does not pause at all, but shoots the bear and saves the leader's life, who pays her instant toll. On p. 137, again, we see an admirable instance of a woman's pluck in a tight place. A wounded she-bear is coming straight for the two (still shooting together). The leader's rifle jams, and it is the lady who gives the *coup de grâce*. The bear is followed by a cub, which is kept as a pet for long after, until he succumbs to a too-varied diet. He was named Kitchener, after him of Khartoum (so striking was the likeness declared). A great soldier's death could hardly have been more regretted than was the little cub's.

Then walrus are shot on the Alaska coast, and we have a very unusual photograph opposite p. 168 of a herd taking the water. The camera in this phase was voted of almost more interest than the rifle.

To find the caribou, mountain sheep, and moose the River Kuskotwin had to be ascended, and then an adventurous land journey made to the Shushitna River, where the boats were met to go down to the sea again. The march from river to river was no child's play. On the Kuskotwin we are introduced to great beaver-dams, and on p. 207 is a charming picture of a beaver's home.

Caribou-shooting is tame—they are so very friendly. But Miss Herbert paints a pretty scene when face to face with a caribou cow:

Never before have I seen deadly fear so strongly expressed by any wild creature . . . the great soft, round, appealing eyes of the beautiful deer looked full into mine, as though she would read her doom.

And those who have looked into such eyes will thank Miss Herbert, who "gave her life even at the cost of mine hunger."

The *ovis Dalli* provided some exciting stalks, and after

a good shot from a tottering foothold Miss Herbert is lowered over a cliff 45ft. high to recover the sheep that she has shot, and which she bears in her arms as she is hauled up into safety again.

But the ways of the moose provide the most attractive reading of all: how they call to each other, and how the Alaskan hunter imitates their call and brings them thus within shot; and much the most exciting scene in all the book is the battle between two moose, on p. 286. A pair of moose-horns, with a spread of 74in., was the finest trophy of the expedition, which October brought to a close.

But at Seattle there is some sort of a sequel foreshadowed. The book is dedicated to Cecily and Ralph Windus, and it is at Seattle that they are married. And when they had left for San Francisco on their way to a honeymoon "shoot" in Mexico Miss Herbert is betrayed into soliloquy

whether the most wondrous trophies in all the world were worth the price of so great a loneliness.

And then she betrays herself again:

The handle of the door turned, and the Leader of the Expedition that was stood in the doorway. His eyes were smiling, smiling. Perhaps, perhaps I am not so very lonely after all.

We feel sure that we may look for more tales of sport from the same pens. And so a word of criticism.

Scenery is powerfully described, and so are the effects of light and shade and the flight of birds. They are given full appreciation. But too often we find exaggeration, too close a sequence of superlatives. One iridescent light eclipses another before we are quite illumined by the first, and each mountain peak in outline, height, and shade too often blurs the impression of one it hides from view. On p. 79 the divers and puffins, poor birds, are nearly drowned in a torrent of words. And (p. 80) the shearwater, who had been frightened away from the Isle of Man since it has "become tripper-ridden and given over to the rampant love-making of the lower orders," had sought distant shores only to be called "*an agile bird*" in the Bering Sea by Miss Herbert.

With these few words of criticism, which apply to descriptive writing throughout the book, we commend "*Two Dianas in Alaska*" to many readers.

VERSES BY HOOD, AND
SOME INFORMATION

Poems from "Punch." Edited by SIR F. C. BURNAND. (Harrap.)

"PUNCH" is dear to the British people, and deservedly. It has behind it long years of unchallengeable respectability; it is illustrated, it is sentimental, and, finally, and this is a powerful recommendation, it rarely abandons all dignity and delicacy in the pursuit of laughter. But we do not think that Sir F. C. Burnand has dealt quite kindly with his old public in the matter of this latest *Punch* venture, respectable though it is. He has made a book by dishing up some verses of Hood and appending thereto a vast number of lines whose only possible interest, even to a *Punch* devotee, must lie in the information they convey. There is the contribution of Tennyson:

Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme,

. . . hate each other for a song
And do their little best to bite,
That pinch their brothers in the throng
And scratch the very dead for spite.

A Perfectly Furious Academician takes a whole page to explain that he

. . . takes and paints,
Hears no complaints
And sells before I'm dry,
Till savage Ruskin
He sticks his tusk in
Then nobody will buy,

and calls it a poem. Perhaps it is funny, but

He followed where She (*Duty*) pointed—right ahead,
and

Our Arthur sleeps—our Arthur is not dead,
refer to the death of the Duke of Wellington.

The people, howe'er wild or weak, have noble instincts still to guide,

was perhaps kindly meant, but it is not immortal poetry. Queen Alexandra looked like a "Northern rose-bud" when she first appeared in England. Douglas Jerrold had a "lion-like grey head." The Prince Consort was "gallant, high-natured, brave," but "gallant, high-natured, brave" is not a striking line. Nor is "That gave us diverse brains, thews, soils and seeds" an inspired reference to the "Almighty purpose." And so on. The book is thus and thus throughout; and, to speak plainly, while there is some pretty and seasonable sentiment, we cannot impute wisdom to Sir F. C. Burnand in setting about the publication of this selection. He supplies abundant evidence of the fact that nthrate work which makes an immediate and perhaps legitimate appeal becomes meaningless to the next generation. The following many will not comprehend at all:

I am thine, and thine only!
Thine!—over the left!
Over the left!

The rest of the poem is not funny, but "Over the left!" means the opposite of "Not 'Arf!" This book, in fact, demonstrates that a professedly waggish weekly cannot obtain good serious verse, and that there is some work which, being dead, might be left respectfully buried with advantage to all. Perhaps the Round Table will protest in a body against the sale of these verses, and will confine itself in the future to the undoing of Mr. Dobson with chatter and *on dit* and with mildly humorous Aspects of the Alphabet. Otherwise the public may begin to realise that the serious wares which sometimes nowadays *Punch* sets solemnly forth are worth not a straw more than are those in this book. With regard to humour the case is otherwise. The humour which appeals thirty years after it has been written is for many reasons so exceedingly rare that it is not alarming if the "funny" verses of the 'forties do not compel our hilarity. We are distinctly of opinion that the intentionally lighter of the serious poems are not worth reading once.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

Sir Christopher Wren. By LENA MILMAN. (Duckworth and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

THE controversy concerning the merits of Sir Christopher Wren and the invidious comparisons of his buildings with Gothic architecture are likely to remain as permanent as his work. It certainly requires considerable mental detachment to take the true view—first, that Wren was certainly a very great architect, and, secondly, that his churches, like himself, are absolutely unique, though to many they appear undevotional and uninspiring. There never will be another Wren, nor will churches like his ever be built again. In them London possesses architectural features without parallel. It remains, however, that they appeal, not to any sense of mystic devotion, but rather to that peculiarly English type of religion which is summed up in the one word "respectability." Modern feeling has done all that can be done, and not without success, to give St. Paul's Cathedral an aspect suited to devotional worship; but even of St. Paul's in all its glory it must be allowed that it is pre-eminently a highly respectable building. It has sometimes been regretted that Wren never visited Italy. But it must be remembered that the Italian cinquecento architecture was not based on actual remains of the ancient classical styles of Greece and Rome, but rather on the dogma of Vitruvius, carefully studied by Wren.

In following the Vitruvian school Wren avoided certain of its faults, and substituted an originality of treatment which might have been lost had he travelled to Rome.

Much has been said of Wren's wonderful spires. Their astonishing diversity is almost a phantasy of imagination, a work of positive genius which gives to the City of London a peculiar if somewhat eccentric glory, which appeals to all true citizens of London. For them Miss Milman has produced a most interesting book, full of information carefully put together, and very well illustrated from good photographs. But, strange to say, there are very few pictures of Wren's steeples, the most remarkable feature of his work. The western towers of Westminster Abbey were at one time attributed (we believe by Dean Stanley and others) to Wren, who actually prepared plans and models for them. Miss Milman assigns them "probably" to John James, the architect for St. George's, Hanover Square. As a matter of fact, they were built by Nicholas Hawkesmoor, circa 1740.

Miss Milman's biography of Wren, and her descriptions of his architecture, are written with enthusiasm, a quality not altogether unnecessary in estimating the work of the great master-builder.

FICTION

The Princess Dehra. By JOHN REED SCOTT. (Constable and Co., 6s.)

THIS is a romantic novel of the type to which we are rapidly getting accustomed. The scene is laid in Valeria, one of those petty kingdoms in the heart of Europe which, since Mr. Anthony Hope discovered Ruritania, have multiplied like mushrooms. All the familiar elements are here—a fight for a crown, a disputed succession, a wicked adventuress of Machiavellian cunning with (of course) dark hair, some royal love-making and a fair proportion of very satisfactory villainy. It must be admitted, however, that, despite the triteness of the theme, Mr. Scott has contrived to throw a surprising amount of freshness into the narrative. There are no pauses in the story, which bristles from start to finish with a number of exciting incidents, intrigues, and midnight adventures, and escapes numberless. The reader who demands the conventional happy ending will not be disappointed. The book closes to the ringing of wedding-bells, and all the festivities of a coronation. On the whole Mr. Scott may be congratulated on the production of a very readable romance, a book, too, that marks a distinct advance on "Beatrix of Clare." The introduction, however, of such words as "variegatedly" and "deviltry" does not make for elegance of style.

An Ambitious Man. By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. (Gay and Hancock, 3s. 6d.)

THE plot of this book is distinctly strong. Preston Cheney, the rising young editor and proprietor of a paper which can only be rescued from failure by money, marries for these financial reasons the unattractive daughter of Sylvester Lawrence, lawyer and senator, a woman "never swayed by any passion stronger than worldly ambition, never burned by any fires other than those of jealousy or anger." At the time of his marriage he is entangled with Berene Dumont, a girl the precise opposite of Mabel Lawrence, beautiful, well-developed, as deeply in love with him as he is with her; she is engaged in secretarial work in his office. In a moment of mental chaos he speaks to her roughly, and tells her that she need not appear at the office again; but the same evening, finding her half-fainting from despair in the large and fashionable boarding-house of whose mistress she is the ward, he lifts her and carries her into her room. The two resist their love no longer. Berene flies the next day, leaving no address; and with the consequences of this passion and of the ill-chosen marriage Miss Wilcox deals in the latter half of her book. The child of Berene Dumont, called "Joy," has the gift of music as her mother had the gift of song; she enters into the life of Preston Cheney many years afterwards, and only at the very last, when dying, does he discover that she is his own daughter. The penalties of his marriage are shown in

Alice, the child of his wife. She grows up irritable, hysterical, and finally, after Arthur Emerson Stuart, an eager and capable young Rector, has married her to save her life, becomes insane. Stuart is in love with Joy, so that here we have the former part of the story almost duplicated. The two are on the point of taking the law of love in place of the sterner law which parts them, when Alice dies in the asylum; but Joy's feelings have undergone a sudden and somewhat inexplicable change, and she refuses Stuart definitely. With that refusal the book ends.

There are several well-drawn characters besides those we have mentioned; the "Baroness Brown," rich proprietress of the boarding-house, carefully preserved, attractive, with designs upon Cheney, is an excellent type of the worldly woman, venomous on occasion, who can do so much damage by a word here and there in the right quarter. Joy's "book of impressions" is worth quoting from:

No love is sanctioned by God which shatters human hearts.

It is a pity that people who despise civilisation should be so uncivil as to stay in it. There is always darkest Africa.

The enmity of some people is the greatest compliment they can pay us.

The very first hour of positive success is often the last hour of great achievement. . . . It is when we are unknown to or neglected by mortals that we reach up to the Infinite and are inspired.

Astronomers know more about the character of the stars than the average American mother knows about the temperament of her daughters.

Miss Wilcox has not the mastery of that pleasant rhythm, which is as necessary to good prose as to her own popular verse. We are obliged to confess that she is more successful roaming the by-lanes of poetry than treading the crowded high-road of the novelist. If she would abjure the use of so many outworn phrases, such as "the pen dropped from his nerveless hand," "He sprang toward her with a cry of joy," which are *clichés* of the hack writer of halfpenny *feuilletons*, her literary value would considerably improve. Readers, however, who are not too critical will find a great deal of pleasure in the sincere and straightforward story, in spite of the general tragedy of the lives chiefly concerned and the unhappy ending.

The Hoverers. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Greening and Co., 6s.)

"THE HOVERERS" is not the name of a family, as the reader might at first glance suspect, but a designation for the idle rich, who for ever "hover," doing neither much good nor much harm in the world. Two or three of the characters in this book have conceived a plan for the alteration of existing circumstances, the alleviation of poverty, and the improvement of the spiritually unemployed, and their scheme is simply this: let the rich people—except dukes and dames at the top of the tree—go abroad, "get out," start afresh. Then, Miss Amye Hastings thinks, the poor would have room to "expand," and dear old disreputable London would be a better place. "England has grown too small," she says gravely, "and everything points to the better classes beginning to fill up the Colonies." We beg leave to doubt the truth of this brilliant theory and to advance one of our own—that everything points to the better classes remaining exactly where they are for the present; the "expansion" of the East-end might take a form not quite conducive to sweetness and light if those in authority moved in a body to Australia or Winnipeg. But however this may be, Amye is an interesting young person, in spite of her exotic ideas and her irritating final "e," and, as most people read "Lucas Cleeve's" books for the story and not for the social discussions, that is all we have a right to expect.

Amye's love affair with George Lascelles, the man who has been caught cheating at cards and ostracised, is specially good, and until the very last sentence in the novel we are not sure whether Gordon Francisco, the curious and rather fascinating fellow who really wants her, will succeed. But he boards her train, gets into the same carriage, at a little wayside station, with the words, "I'm coming with you!" And with that we are left to infer

that somehow, in spite of his past love episode with a married friend of Amye's, the two will put up horses together—especially as they are the only ones who really do exploit their theories and "clear out."

There are many clever pages in the book, and although she does not probe deeply, the author has managed to be very pertinent and at times shrewd when dealing with questions of the day.

The Rescuer. By PERCY WHITE. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. PERCY WHITE is a tried friend. Whether he absconds with a handful of society people and puts them through their paces on a yacht or a desert island, or whether he rambles in the fruitful by-paths of psychology as in this present volume, we rely upon him to be at the very least entertaining, and he rarely gives us so much as a single dull paragraph. He invariably avoids laborious and prosy introductions; he knows how to handle the difficulties of dialogue, even if he is never subtle; and when a scene has to be described it is limned in a few very well-selected phrases.

In his latest novel we are shown one of the most clever and interesting villains of the whole galley, Percy Athelstan, a dabbler in that section of science devoted to the study of brain-waves and their detection by means of photography. Edgar Maitland, who has with this expert pseudo-scientist "discovered" to his own satisfaction the existence of these "waves," but has not engaged in sufficient research to prove them to a sceptical world, dies, and with almost his last breath charges his assistant and Mrs. Maitland to continue the experiments—Athelstan practically, she helping with her fortune. Colonel Drayton, whose suspicions and explorations into Athelstan's character, credentials, and apparatus give him the part of the "rescuer," is home from India, and falls in love with Audrey Maitland, the daughter. By his friendship with Athelstan's female assistant and ignorant accomplice, a showily-dressed girl—a friendship undertaken solely for the sake of gaining information—he places himself in rather an awkward position, and for some time the course of these true lovers runs not at all smoothly. He is very patient and pertinacious, however—so much so, that we can hardly help a sensation of sympathy for poor Athelstan, who is badgered and pestered, until finally driven into the confession that he is three-parts a fraud. The latter, as may be guessed, had nursed strong hopes of eventually marrying the widow of his patron and employer, and in his way he loved her; the author very cleverly brings out the inseparable mixture of good and bad in his nature.

The slur on Colonel Drayton's name is satisfactorily removed, the exposure of Athelstan is completed, and the widow cured of her half-maternal infatuation for him. The adventurer turns up once more, however, giving a mock-scientific entertainment under an assumed name at Naples, in conjunction with his "friend" Miss Fabian, who has apparently stuck to him through all his troubles. Drayton and Miss Maitland are happily married, and the book ends on a cheerful note.

It is more than an ordinary story; it is an acute study of men and motives, and we can thoroughly recommend it to all readers.

CORRESPONDENCE

A GERMAN ANALYSIS OF "STALKY & CO."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The subtlety of German humour is often lost upon us, but my friend the philologist was not deceived by the article on "Stalky & Co.," which he found in the *Englische Studien* of July last, and he sent it on to me to enjoy. Apparently this bilious journal is not renowned for its jests, but a gentleman from Upsala called Fredrik Schmidt has written in it "A Study in English School-life and Schoolboy Slang, as Represented in Kipling's 'Stalky & Co.,'" and it is all pure comedy. The impenetrable seriousness of the writer never breaks down through

thirty-five closely written pages. He begins with an elaborate scheme of Contents, and after a short Introduction plunges into the "Phonology," the "Inflections," and the "Word-Formation" of Kiplingese. He treats of apharesis, syncope, elision, and apocope, and adds that "the first and last phenomena are of special interest." The first merely consists in writing "member" for "remember," or "brolly" for "umbrella;" the last in such abbreviations as "impots.," "pub.," "chap.," "exam.," and Mr. Schmidt interprets the phrase "you can't . . . haul up seniors and jaw 'em on spec." by adding "on speculation—to some purpose, effect." I suppose he would be gratified to hear that his article seems to have been written on spec.

Chapter iv. deals with Vocabulary and Style, and Mr. Schmidt surpasses himself in his treatment of "transferred appellations of human beings." Thus:—

1. Terms of human beings which have developed a generalised sense from a primary personal one.

Dutchman denotes at first nationality and then means "a contemptible, stupid person," a sense due to the rivalry between the English and the Dutch—e.g., in the seventeenth century (cf. Reinus, p. 162). Thus "I'm a Dutchman"="a worthless fellow," is a usual way of emphasising an assertion. To increase the effect of humour Beetle says: "If he don't think the house is putrid with it (money-lending), I'm several Dutchmen, that's all" (III).

A similar effect is produced by the expression: "If King can make anything out of this, I'm a blue-eyed squatteroo" (231).

The name of an author becomes the name of the book written by him. Thus: "You'd better carry my Jorrock" (5). Jorrock was a great zoological scholar.

The whole article would bear quotation; it is full of this kind of portentous humour staggering under the guise of gravity. Could anything be richer than this:—"An abstract substantive becomes a concrete substantive with an appellative sense. *Corridor-caution*=one who excites alarm or astonishment in the corridor"? The value of these philological notes to German scholars must be immense. If only Mr. Kipling had foreseen Mr. Schmidt!

The next section is concerned with school-work and organisation, discipline, dress, pastimes, sport, and games. Notes on examinations and discipline include a reference to Mr. Clutton Brock's "Eton at the Present Day" for the procedure at a "flogging;" and the philologist declares that "*bag* is a word for wide trousers, and is then used as a verb, meaning 'drop stealthily in one's trousers,' 'steal,' 'take.'" Among pastimes, sport, and games, "besides the usual 'speer,' 'frolic,'" there are lark, bend, jamboree, gloat, football, cricket, golf (a cleek is "a club bent at right angles in order to hit the golf-ball"), fives and marbles. The terms for "inebriated," "be afraid," and "run away" receive a section to themselves, followed by "terms expressing various feelings and acts of enmity and friendship," which cover such phrases and words as "get beans," "had him on toast," "jaw," "hector," "jape," "chivy," "scrag;" but Mr. Schmidt can find only one phrase of friendship, "to freeze on to."

Some difficulty was encountered over the word "*frabjous*;" the commentator, not finding it in any dictionary, suggested that it "may be a comical corruption of fabulous," but added in a footnote, "As I have been told later on, the word *frabjous* is to be found in some book written by Lewis Carroll." It is to be hoped that Mr. Schmidt may soon turn his attention to the philological curiosities of "*'Twas brillig*."

A hobbledohoy is "a youth approaching manhood;" a piffler is "a man with a moral end in view, but nothing to back it, but a habit of talking sentimental rubbish" (see "Cent. Dict."), ex., "Don't jaw, you fat piffler." And Mr. Schmidt perpetuates the interpretation of "damn" as the "Indian dām, an ancient copper coin." He finds no difficulty in tracing much of Mr. Kipling's phraseology to a Biblical source, and gives many references to the Scriptures for quotations and parallels; the phrase, "they've no hem to their garments" is explained from Matt. ix. 20.

Mr. Schmidt has detected a "foreign influence" in much of the schoolboy talk, such as in the use of "cave," "twiggez-vous;" and he notes that a French influence can be "traced" in such phrases as "I'm not smokin' aujourd'hui, parce que je jolly well pense that we'll be suivi." The article ends with "Americanisms," and a very elaborate index to all the words interpreted and annotated.

It is a lesson to our English philologists, this monument of acute and painstaking research. What light touches of wit, what rapier-like definitions, what ingenious analogies illuminate these pages, teeming with knowledge and—what is even more valuable in a philologist—with humour! The thought that far away in Upsala they read "Stalky & Co." with a dictionary, and talk Kiplingese perhaps on wild Bacchic evenings, repeating with fervour and complete understanding the subtle extravagances of Stalky, Beetle, and M'Turk—this thought must surely comfort our struggling authors. However outrageous your language—

solecistic, fatuous, or merely nonsensical—you will be understood and appreciated in the lecture-rooms of Upsala.

CHRISTOPHER STONE.

2 Bardwell Road, Oxford.

"INVERTED FEET:" A REPLY TO MR. OMOND

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Omond's explanation (or shall I say his *latest* explanation?) of inverted feet is ingenious, but, I think, untenable. It must stand or fall with his general theory of verse, of which it is a particular application. Mr. Omond supposes that a verse is really constituted, not by words or syllables with their appropriate quantity and accentuation, but by an underlying time-scheme to which they are marshalled *and, if necessary, adjusted*. That he is right in distinguishing the underlying time-scheme on the one hand from its material content on the other, I have not the slightest doubt. And to go one step further with him, the *ictus* belongs to the time-scheme, and is not in itself identical with accent of any sort, which belongs to the material content. So far I go with Mr. Omond. But he weakens his case considerably by the next step in his argument. If time-scheme and material content are distinct entities, then, to my thinking, a verse obviously consists of an adaptation of one to the other—an adaptation, but *not* an adjustment. Here I part company with Mr. Omond, who refuses to look the facts of the case fully in the face. Before words or syllables can be verse they are speech—speech with its appropriate quantities and accentuation *on which the exact sense to be conveyed depends*. The poet's work is to choose from among the material provided by ordinary speech those portions which, while retaining their appropriate quantities and accentuation, and thus rendering the sense he wishes to convey, will fit, will adapt themselves naturally, to the time-scheme (with its *ictus-beats*) which he has in mind. But there is, and can be, no adjustment in the sense of alteration of the natural quantities and accentuation of the speech-material. That is evident. But Mr. Omond refuses to see it, declaring—I cannot understand why—that, on such a principle as the one I have outlined, there is no difference between prose and verse. Is there no difference between the colours in a paint-box and the same colours filling in the outlines of a drawing?

It is Mr. Omond's own theory that annihilates the real distinction between prose and verse. If we begin to take liberties with the natural speech-accentuation and quantification of words and syllables we may go to any lengths. The logical corollary of this theory of Mr. Omond's is that any ten syllables (to go no further) constitute an iambic pentameter. The only condition is that they must be read with the appropriate sing-song, irrespective of sense. No doubt in verse all the latent potentiality of words and syllables is brought out, while in prose we are often content to take only the obvious and patent; but this is a very different thing from Mr. Omond's adjustment.

To come to the particular application of this theory, we are asked by Mr. Omond in the case of *wrenched accents* to

Disregard prose accentuation, and fall back on the original dissyllabic foot, the primal norm of [the poet's] verse.

That is just where the shoe pinches. You *cannot* disregard prose-accentuation without altering the sense, without even producing nonsense. Words do *not* and *cannot* exist, despite Mr. Omond, before they are accented, nor would they after the accent had been withdrawn. I remain an impenitent believer in the efficacy of trisyllabic feet in explaining apparent wrenched accent. Clash of accent and ictus, whether it constituted one of the beauties of classical verse or not, never did and does not now exist in English verse. Some other and simpler explanation is always available and ought to be considered before Mr. Omond's disregard of prose accentuation, with its implied clash (since it is this clash he purports to explain), is adopted.

Mr. Omond's explanation of wrenched accent carries with it a correlative explanation of feet *without accent*. If the prose accentuation is to be disregarded in the former case for the sake of the time-scheme, why should the same not happen in the latter case? Why should an accent not be supplied? And yet Mr. Omond, rightly but illogically, refuses to read such a line as

Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit,

with a sing-song accent on such a word as *with*.

The true explanation of wrenched accent is evidently trisyllabic and monosyllabic feet, while feet devoid of accent or supplied with two accents are to be referred to some such rule as the following: *The ictus can be beaten on any syllable which is not less accented than the syllable which precedes it.* The line just quoted, and the line

Fortune, good night, [*smile once*] more,
turn thy wheel,

obviously fall under this principle, and are at once explicable.

The ictus of the iambic time-scheme can be beaten on *with*, which is *not less accented* (both being quite unaccented) than *-ting*, and on *once*, which is *not less accented* than *smile*. And the inviolability of time-scheme and of material content remains unaffected, as it does *not* on Mr. Omond's theory.

The lines

Scarce visible from extreme loveliness . . .
Its stony jaws the abrupt mountain breaks . . .
I have obeyed my uncle until now . . .

are *not*, *pace* Mr. Omond, examples of wrenched accent at all, but of the type of feet I have just referred to—*i.e.*, evenly accented and unaccented, since the two syllables of *extreme*, *abrupt*, *until* are in separate syllables.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

"INVERTED FEET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The further instances quoted by Mr. Burd illustrate what I said before—*viz.*, that the normal prose pronunciation of many words has changed or is doubtful. Thus *corrupt* is a well-known Scotch dialectic accentuation, which I have heard myself, and which Burns probably used in ordinary talk. Whether Shakespeare's *baboon* can be similarly explained I must leave others to say; if not, I claim it as a case in point for my contention. Hosts of words like *illustrate*, *demonstrate*, *obdurate*, *doctrinal*, *decorous* are accented differently by different speakers; others, like *revenue*, *retinue*, *balcony*, have definitely changed within living memory. One has to avoid such in choosing examples. Pope's pronunciation sometimes differs from ours, but I find no difficulty and no "inversions" in the line

Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend;

what I do notice is that metrical stress does not correspond with word-accent in the last syllable of "gloriously." When we get back to a writer like Gavin Douglas differences from modern usage must be many, and it may well be doubted whether accentuation was to him anything like the prominent feature of verse that it is now. But the accentuation of proper names, and of Latin words generally, by our earlier poets is very curious, and, like Mr. Burd, I have often wondered whether (modern) Greek accent explained some of these. He might have cited Milton's "Tiresias," adopted by Mr. Swinburne in his poem of that name—*e.g.*:

But which of you had heed of Tiresias?

On the other hand we have Pope's "Arbuthnot" filling a similar place in the line, though *Arbuthnot* is the usual pronunciation. What Brightland and "a certain Mr. Bish" (whose name, commonly spelt *Bysshe*, is familiar to metrists) said about accent is hardly worth recalling now. *Bysshe* represents the very crudest form of eighteenth-century prosodical dogmatism. That "the ignorance of poets" may account for "some of the irregularities of verse" cannot be denied; but critics also are fallible, and perhaps it is better to exhaust other possible explanations before adopting this one.

Fully admitting, or rather asserting, that these things have to be taken into account, I still say that they do not cover the whole field. They do not seem to supply answers to questions like the following:—Did Shakespeare say *divine*, or Milton *sérène*? Did Milton mean accentuation to vary, as marked in this line:

Ordain'd without redemption, without end;
or Browning as in

I saved his wife
Again'st law; against law he slays her now?

Did Wordsworth mean us to say *among* in

I travelled among unknown men?

Did Shelley mean us to say *devastating*, Keats *enchantment* and *unsettled* in lines previously quoted? Does Mr. Swinburne wish us to say *above* in this line from "Ereotion":

Hast thou not given me above all that live?

All these questions I answer with a negative. Those who answer them affirmatively seem to conceive of metre as mere "sing-song," and exalt word-accent to a primacy, which, I believe, it has never held in English verse, though grammarians from *Bysshe* onward have steadily contended that it does.

Look for a moment at the Witches' Chorus in *Macbeth* (Act IV., Scene I.), from which the "baboon" line is taken. It begins with a line where metrical and verbal accent coincide:

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd;

and there are many lines of this pattern. But there are many others which differ. There are lines where a monosyllable replaces a disyllable—*e.g.*:

Toad, that under cold stone;

and others where a rapidly-sounded extra syllable occurs—*e.g.*:

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

With these we are not at present concerned. What does concern us is to notice in how many lines metrical accent is not represented by verbal—*e.g.*:

Fillet of a penny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake.

A word like "of" may come in either place:

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew.

Even if we say *baboon* there is still a weakened stress on "with":

Cool it with a baboon's blood.

Shall we set these down to Shakespeare's "ignorance" or carelessness? But all our poets do the same thing, and there are many other departures from the simple structure of the first line, disyllables which are more like "spondees" than "trochees," and so forth. By what right do we call these poetic licences? Every competent critic recognises that the variations are as legitimate as the normal, that the very existence of a normal implies variations, if we are to escape dullest monotony. And a variation so common as to be itself almost normal, if the universal practice of our poets counts for anything, is to omit or alter an expected speech-stress.

Once more, since example is more powerful than argument, let me quote a few lines from a single poem by Mr. Swinburne ("The Two Dreams"), italicising places where verbal and metrical stress differ. The metre is heroic couplet and the pronunciation that of our own day:

Moreover it sounds often well to let.

. . . One petal that is dead.

Dead sorrow is not sorrowful to hear.

The sick sound aching in a lifted throat
Turns to sharp silver of a perfect note.

There grew a rose-garden in Florence land.

From rush-flowers and lilies rife to set.

As sea-water, having killed over-heat.

The midnight's prayer, the rose's thanksgiving.

She began saying . . .

. . . What lover among men.

No savour of sweet things. The bereaved blood.

Five minutes; the poor rose is twice a rose.

On the sense of her hand; her mouth at last.

The day's breath felt about the ash-branches.

As the first sound of flooded hill-waters.

And afterward she came back without word.

How, in the teeth of examples like this—and I have selected merely some among many in this one poem—can we possibly say that verbal and metrical stress are meant to coincide, or that any principle like *anastrophe* is wide enough to cover all such cases?

Readers of THE ACADEMY are invited to say, not merely whether some instances can be explained as showing actual alteration of accent—I willingly concur with Mr. Burd in holding this proved of some—but whether the cumulative effect of these examples taken together does not indicate desire on the part of our poets to get behind word-accent altogether.

T. S. OMOND.

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your latest issue you frequently advert to the part played by the Press in advertising the wickedness and folly of the Suffragettes, and a correspondent of the *Saturday Review*, an ex-M.P., likewise deplores this state of things. Of course the public have wanted to read about these people, just as once the public wanted to read Tupper. There is a certain order of mind that can never have too much of "clinging to the leg of Richard's horse," or bawling about "that brilliant girl, Christabel Pank—" (see *Daily Graphic*, October 29th). And reporters and photographers must live. However, as the thing has now become so serious, both to the authorities and the public, it is high time that our newspaper proprietors took a leaf from the book of the proprietors of newspapers in Boston, America, who have unanimously resolved to ignore the vagaries of Suffragettes altogether. No photographs of them and no letterpress about them should be published. If they get thrown out of public meetings let the fact pass unrecorded; if they are sent to prison let them go there unreported. Don't publish their speeches, or articles, or letters, or handbills. If the Press will only impose this self-denying ordinance on itself the movement, which is purely a vexatious and anti-Social one, will die of inanition.

At present the position is simply farcical. The papers in their leading columns denounce the scandal of the affair and call for severe treatment, though when the magistrates mete such out to the offenders they raise a hullabaloo, or permit correspondents to do so. At the same time in their news and pictorial columns they pander in every way to the diseased vanity of these "condottieri of liberty," as De Tocqueville would call them, who are fighting wholly for their own advantage. Even a photograph of the ineffable Thomas Bayard Simmonds (who is there called T. B. Symonds, by-the-bye) appears in the *Daily Express*—precisely the way to encourage similar addle-pated young fools to imitate him. The attitude of the police and authorities, too, is becoming somewhat *opera bouffe*-esque. Not only are the officers constantly photographed with these persons, but Inspector Scantlebury is reported to have said to the woman Fox, who chained herself to the grille, on shaking hands with her, "Good-night; you have had a most successful evening." What could be more Gilbertian, too, than the situation on Thursday night (October 29th) at the Albert Hall? Inside was a woman screaming about "tin-pot potentates," and preaching practically anarchy, while, in addition to her army of stewards, the "tin-pot potentates" had sent hundreds of police to guard her. If the police would stand aside and let an outraged public resent the insults and annoyances that have been showered upon it, its Ministers, and institutions during the past three years, perhaps even the impudence of a Pankhurstian or a Despardian would be abashed. As it stands at present it's a funny war from our point of view—funnier even than that "brilliant girl, Christabel Pank—'s" perversion of history about John Burns and Mr. Horace Smith, or their Cobden-Saunderson's letters to the *Times*, or Mary Gawthorpe's declaration, reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, that if women had votes Mr. Barker's censored play *Waste* would be produced.

ARCH. G.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I seem to remember that the profoundest political historian of the Greeks put some such words as the following into the mouth of the greatest Greek statesman on a most solemn national occasion:

To those of you who are women I say this: that a woman's crown of glory is to have the least possible said about her, either by way of praise or dispraise.

Ominous words! For in the space of a few years there was displayed under the blue sky of Athens, in the theatre of Dionysos, the *Ecclesiazusae* of Aristophanes.

Four centuries and more pass away. Tired of new things in politics, the Greeks (or Greeklets, as Juvenal calls them) are trying new things in religion. This time it is a Paul and not a Perikles that sounds the warning note.

"It is an indecent thing," says he, "for women to chatter (*λαλεω*) in churches." Both Paul and Perikles were contending with the same portent—the New Woman.

To be chattered about in private, to chatter in public—it is not a long cry from one to the other. Yet there is this difference: we cannot perhaps escape the former, but we can avoid the latter. Aspasia was the most accomplished woman of her day, and probably the most talked about. But we do not read of her addressing public meetings or screaming for a vote.

DR. PRIMROSE.

October 17, 1908.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am glad you have given a little lecture to the *Daily Telegraph*; it was greatly needed. As a Churchman I have noticed how that journal unfairly puffs the sayings and doings of Father Bernard Vaughan at the expense of the Church. That paper, on August 29th, reported that eloquent divine as saying at Harrogate that the *Daily Telegraph* was "an extremely interesting and instructive journal." Mutual admiration!

ARTHUR BRINCKMAN.

October 31, 1908.

BUTLER'S "ANALOGY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A review appeared in THE ACADEMY of July 18th (on Romanes Lec., p. 66) in which the attitude of Bishop Butler on a very important subject is thus represented:

He will have nothing to do with those who argue from man's blindness and Nature's darkness to the necessity of a Revelation to relieve us from impotence and to release us from despair.

I think it can be shown that this sentence gives an inaccurate and misleading impression of the teaching of the "Analogy."

Compare the above with the following extract (Pt. II., ch. i. "Anal."):

If mankind are corrupted and depraved in their moral character, and so are unfit for that state which Christ is gone to prepare for his disciples; and if the assistance of God's Spirit be necessary to renew their nature in the degree requisite to their being qualified for that state . . . Supposing this, is it possible any serious person can think it is a slight matter whether or no he makes use of the means expressly commanded by God for obtaining this Divine assistance? . . . Now reason shows us nothing of the particular immediate means of obtaining either temporal or spiritual benefits. This, therefore, we must learn from experience or Revelation, and experience the present case does not admit of.

The argument, I think, can be more easily understood by throwing it into a series of clauses as follows:

1. Man's depravity and helplessness.
2. Divine help indispensable for his salvation.
3. Inability of reason and experience to afford requisite guidance.

4. Necessity of Revelation to relieve man from his impotence. This statement of the case is to my mind a fair deduction from the passage quoted, and forces us to the conclusion which Canon Holland and your reviewer agree in disallowing Butler.

The second part can be dealt with more readily. It continues thus:

To Butler Revelation enters in response to those who have eyes to see what Nature has to show them.

Butler's opinion is made perfectly clear by this extract ("Anal." Bk. I., ch. vi.):

There is nothing of such peculiar presumption against a Revelation in the beginning of the world as there is supposed to be against subsequent ones.

If Butler believed in a Revelation given at the beginning of the world, he could not also have thought that it entered in response to any peculiar fitness in the recipients.

T. LL. M.

November 3, 1908.

AMERICA (? U.S.A.) AND GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent's tenderly ingratiating letter of last week must be taken note of as narrowing the discussion to a comparison between England and the U.S.A. in regard to the literary men of mark produced by each during the last 120 years.

Here England is everywhere, the States almost nowhere; against one person of *talent* claimed by the latter we can readily set half a dozen of *genius* from these islands, and certainly our friend is singularly unfortunate in his estimate of his "representative men" placed beside some of ours. Take three as examples—for, as a matter of fact, they serve admirably, both as indicating the vast gulf separating that incalculable something called *genius* from even the highest degree of mere journeyman *aptitude*, and also as suitable samples of the sort of reflected, derivative power occasionally ebbing up from the not very deep "American" consciousness.

1. We are bidden to look with reverence upon E. A. Poe as the producer of poetry equal in verbal magic and felicity to that of Coleridge. Good heavens! They are not within shouting distance of one another: Coleridge, a master of miraculous melody, whose music, in its supreme moments (in "Kubla Khan" and "The Ancient Mariner," etc.) has rarely been equalled by our greatest poets; and Poe, the facile handbell-ringer, pleasing us now and then with his superficial tunes, but oftener boring us to death with a jingling and jangling meretriciousness, hollow and metallic as his nature was morbid and weak.

2. Walt Whitman and William Wordsworth! A conjunction indeed to fright the Gods out of Olympus! No one denies a certain crude force, a certain wild and brutal vigour to Walt. But to exploit his unregulated, distracting turbulence, his frantic posturings, his jerky chaos of thought and expression as proceeding from an "inspiration" like that given in overflowing measure to the sublime prophet of Nature and man makes one burn with indignation or shake with unholy laughter—according to mood or disposition. While attempts to excuse Whitman's pranks and acrobatics with all the laws of versification must be made upon some other ground than the false-to-fact attribution of a like slovenliness to Wordsworth, who was patently and patiently particular in his diction, and rarely, if ever, swerved from a strictness and austerity in this respect, to be expected of an artist of his high consciousness, and a mind of his grandeur and unique sublimity of aim and of achievement.

3. Then, again, Emerson as an "American" Carlyle. Never was *Talent* more obviously opposed to *Genius*, the Copier to the

Originator. Whoever will trouble to read "Representative Men" and "Heroes and Hero Worship" one after the other will see this distinction staring him in the face!

With all his shortcomings, with all his eccentricities, the Divine fire burned brightly within the soul of Chelsea's sage; but with all his cleverness, his big ways of making the obvious and the trite look profound, Ralph Waldo Emerson, sound and healthy as his heart was, was not very much more than an echo.

Attractive to many, his essays, with their cloudy metaphysics, and scintillating brilliance, and gnomic surprises, can never be universal in appeal.

Your correspondent also sets great store by Father Tabb. Here, truly, is a writer of superb gifts; yet is he beaten almost out of hearing by one Coventry Patmore, whose epigrams attain a spiritual subtlety and exquisite beauty quite beyond Tabb's range.

As to Historians, the two from the United States of America—viz., Prescott and Motley—are outdistanced for accuracy and style and vision by a full dozen Englishmen.

G. E. BIDDLE.

120 Earham Grove, Forest Gate, E.

[We must not be taken fully to endorse our correspondent's opinions, particularly with regard to Poe, to whom he is far less than just.—ED.]

MR. CHESTERTON'S PRIZE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your "Amused" correspondent has not been any harder on Mr. Chesterton's translation than it deserves. He has, in fact, left a good deal unsaid.

But is it not a little severe on the Saturday *Westminster* problem page to take this as a specimen of its average?

I am of the opinion that if Mr. Chesterton had sent his effort decently veiled under a pseudonym it would not have been printed—much less prized.

As a student of THE ACADEMY, I am aware that the average magazine poetry does not command your respect; so it will only seem faint praise to say that effusions coldly rejected by the Problem Editor are in many cases promptly accepted and paid for by the average magazine—not much, but still something you'll allow.

UNAMUSED.

November 4, 1908.

SUB-CONSCIOUS MEMORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am much obliged to your correspondent for pointing out my reminiscence of Mr. William Watson's poem, of which I was entirely unconscious. I have not read his poems for at least four years.

M. JOURDAIN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THEOLOGY

The Old Testament. In the Light of the Historical Records and Legends of Assyria and Babylonia. Theophilus G. Pinches. S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Dramatic Odes and Rhapsodies. F. P. Osmaston. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.

My Garden. J. T. Prior. Mathews, 5s. net.

Lyrical and other Poems. John Drinkwater. Samurai Press, 2s. 6d. net.

Maggie's Dream in Idylls of her Light Dress. Rus C. Beaufs. Griffiths, 3s. 6d. net.

The Call of Homeland. Books I. and II. R. P. Scott and K. T. Wallas. Blackie, 1s. 6d. net each.

Adonais. Agnes Ramsey. Blackie, 2d.

The Rose-Winged Hours. St. John Lucas. Arnold, 5s. net.

The Æneid of Virgil. Books VII.-XII. Translated into Blank Verse by Henry S. Wright. Kegan Paul, 5s. net.

The Dream of Gerontius. Cardinal Newman. Allenson, 6d. net.

BIOGRAPHY

Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837-1861. Vols. I., II., and III. Edited by Arthur C. Benson and Viscount Esher. Murray, 3 vols., 6s. net.

The Life of Mirabeau. S. G. Tallentyre. Smith Elder.

Stewart of Lovedale. James Wells. Hodder and Stoughton, 5s. net.

Some Eminent Victorians. J. Comyns Carr. Duckworth, 12s. 6d. net.

Nadir Shah. Sir Mortimer Durand. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

The Writer of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" Discovered. R. C. Newick. Thatcher, 1s.

Abraham Lincoln. The Boy and the Man. James Morgan. Macmillan, 6s.

Cornish Characters and Strange Events. S. Baring Gould, M.A. Lane, 21s. net.

Life of Gladstone. Herbert W. Paul. Nelson, 1s.

The Memories of Dean Hole. Nelson, 1s.

Life of St. Melania. Cardinal Rampolla. Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d.

EDUCATIONAL

Intermediate Geometry. Alax Leighton. Blackie, 1s. 6d.

A Three-term Course in German. J. Greig Cochrane. Blackie, 2s. net.

Electrical Laboratory Course for Junior Students. Archibald and Rankin. Blackie, 1s. 6d. net.

Germany in Story and Song. Wake and Brechtel, 2s. net.

HISTORY

The Kings of Egypt. E. A. Wallis Budge. Vol. I., Dynasties I.-XIX. Vol. II., Dynasties XX.-XXX. Kegan Paul, 6s. net each.

New Light of Ancient Egypt. G. Maspero. Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.

A New History of Painting in Italy. From the Second to the Sixteenth Century. By Crowe and Cavalcaselle. Edited by Edward Hutton. Dent, 20s. net.

In Old Ceylon. Reginald Farrer. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.

Heroes of our Indian Empire. Vols. I. and II. Henry Morris. Christian Literature Society for India, 2s. per vol.

The Irish Dames of Ypres. Rev. Dom Patrick Nolan. Brown Nolan, 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Olessia. A. Kouprinn. Translated by Major Harrison. Sisley's, 3s. 6d.

Maggie: a Day Dream. Lady Algernon Percy. Smith Elder, 6s.

Famous Duels of the Fleet. H. B. Money Coutts. Blackwood, 6s.

The Sibyl of Venice. Rachel S. Macnamara. Blackwood, 6s.

The War Inevitable. Alan Burgoyne. Griffiths, 6s.

The Eye-Witness. H. Belloc. Nash, 5s.

Maya. P. Laurence Oliphant. Constable, 6s.

Joan of Garioch. Albert Kinross. Macmillan, 6s.

A Banished Lady. Sarah Tytler. Long, 6s.

The Bomb. Frank Harris. Long, 6s.

Through Sorrow's Gate. Halliwell Sutcliffe. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.

The Other Sara. Curtis Yorke. Long, 6s.

Glentyre. Edmund F. Sellar. Blackwood, 6s.

Hetty Wesley. A. T. Quiller-Couch. Arrowsmith, 1s. net.

A Loyal Maid. W. G. Tarbet. Arrowsmith, 6s.

Our Bye-Election. Rosaline Masson. Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d.

In Deadly Peril. David Lechmere. Ouseley, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Fascination of London: Hackney and Stoke Newington. G. Mitton. Edited by Sir Walter Besant. Black, 1s. 6d. net.

The Fascination of London: Shoreditch and the East-end. Sir Walter Besant. Black, 1s. 6d. net.

A Primer of Socialism. Thomas Kirkup. Black, 1s. net.

A History of the English Agricultural Labourer. M. Hasbach. King, 7s. 6d. net.

The Johannine Writings. Paul W. Schmiedel. Translated by M. Canney. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

The Story of Daphnis and Chloe. Edited, with Text, Introduction, Translation, and Notes, by W. D. Lowe, M.A. Deighton Bell, 4s. net.

The Judgment of Paris. E. M. Plunkett. Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

Old and Odd Memories. Lionel A. Tollemache. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.

The Psalms in Human Life. Rowland E. Prothero. Nelson, 1s.

Wild Life in a Southern County. Richard Jefferies. Nelson, 1s.

Rooseveltian Fact and Fable. Mrs. Annie Riley Hall. Broadway Publishing Co.

A Treasury of English Literature. Selected and arranged by Kate Warren. Fifth Section, Waller to Addison. Sixth Section, Johnson to Burns. Constable, 1s. net each.

Pitman's Shorthand and Typewriting Year-book and Diary. Sir I. Pitman, 1s.

The Charm of Venice. Alfred H. Hyatt. Chatto and Windus, 3s. leather; 2s. cloth.

THE AUTOTYPE CO.,

74 NEW OXFORD STREET,
LONDON.

REPRODUCTIONS IN MONOCHROME OF
FAMOUS WORKS OF ART BY THE
AUTOTYPE PERMANENT PROCESS.

Amongst the numerous Publications may be mentioned:
SELECTIONS from the National Gallery (London), the
Wallace Collection, the Tate Gallery, the Walker Art Gallery
(Liverpool).

DRAWINGS BY HOLBEIN, from the Royal Collection,
Windsor Castle.

SELECTED EXAMPLES OF SACRED ART from
various Collections.

ETCHINGS BY REMBRANDT.

DRAWINGS BY ALBERT DURER.

PICTURES from the Louvre, Luxembourg, Paris.

Prospectuses of above Issues will be sent on application.

Full particulars of all the Company's publications are given in

The AUTOTYPE FINE-ART CATALOGUE,

Now Ready, ENLARGED EDITION, with Hundreds of Miniature
Photographs and Tint Blocks of Notable Autotypes.

For convenience of reference the Publications are arranged Alphabetically under
Artists' Names.

Post Free, ONE SHILLING.

A VISIT OF INSPECTION IS INVITED TO

THE

AUTOTYPE FINE-ART GALLERY,

74 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Notes on Chaucer

A Commentary on the Prolog and Six Canterbury Tales

By HENRY BARRATT HINCKLEY

260 pages, besides Index and Bibliography. Cloth, gilt top. Now
ready. Price \$3.00.

"In fulness and learning the only previous Chaucer commentary
comparable with it is that which accompanies Prof. W. W. Skeat's
standard edition of the poet's works. . . . It is a solid and use-
ful work."—*The New York Nation*.

Address The Nonotuck Press, Box 267, Northampton, Mass., U.S.A.

DO YOU CONTEMPLATE PRINTING A BOOK?

Many really good works are written which are never seen by
the public because the Authors lack definite knowledge of the costs
of production. It costs nothing to obtain this knowledge from
Garden City Press, Ltd., Fine Book and General Printers,
Letchworth, Herts.

THE SPHERE.

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books.
Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS'
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

The Best, Brightest, and most Interesting Paper.

THE DAILY CHRONICLE. 10 or 12 Pages Daily.

POPULAR FEATURES ARE:—

The Reviews of Books and Literary Notes, Full Resume of the Principal
Musical, Art, and Dramatic Events. Science and Art specially dealt with.
Fulllest Reports of all Current Events and Special Telegrams
from Correspondents Everywhere.

STANLEY PAUL & CO.'S Announcements NEW 6s. NOVELS

A NOVEL THAT IS BEING READ BY ROYALTY

Their Majesties the KING and QUEEN have
been graciously pleased to accept copies of

Gay Lawless. By HELEN MATHERS

SECOND LARGE EDITION NOW READY.

|| The best reviewed Novel this Autumn. Over
20 columns of favourable reviews have already
appeared. ||

"A GREAT BOOK."

PRIESTS OF PROGRESS

By G. GOLMORE.

FIRST REVIEW.—"A novel that throws a lurid light on many matters
of vital public concern. It is your duty to read and openly discuss this
masterpiece of fiction. The author writes strongly, forcibly, yet calmly,
and the book deserves to be made the subject of fair and open dis-
cussion."

THE ACADEMY says in a column review.—"Somewhat of a triumph,
the reader cannot fail to be warmly interested—The dialogues of the
students are fresh and humorous. The quality is good writing. We
can congratulate the author on the skilful way in which he has dealt
with a very difficult task."

A BISHOP'S PLIGHT

By DONALD THANE.

A novel of the moment—written
from the standpoint of a High
Churchman, and which is being
much discussed in religious
circles.

DID SHE DO RIGHT?

A. J. MACDONNELL.

A Romance of the Twentieth
Century, the scenes of which are
laid in Rome.

You should read this book, as
your opinion may be worth £10.

Second Edition required before publication. The ONLY new Gift-
book of Mr. ALFRED H. MILES to appear this autumn.

IN THE TEETH OF ADVENTURE

True Stories of Real Peril told by men and boys from personal expe-
rience, including original stories by

G. MANVILLE FENN, CLIVE FENN, H. HERVEY, and others.
In large crown 8vo, handsome cloth gilt, gilt edges, with Twenty-two
original Illustrations, 5s.

London: STANLEY PAUL & CO., Clifford's Inn, Temple Bar, E.C.

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT

Eight years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death
of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was
presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The
Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district,
formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham
is the chairman. The object in view is clearly stated in the following
extract from a letter signed by the Bishop:—

"At present the Institution has an income of only eighteen pounds a year, and
this is insufficient for its due maintenance. The front of the Museum has recently
been restored, but the two rooms now used for exhibits are overcrowded and we
feel that the whole of the house should be devoted to the public, who would then be
admitted to the 'John Gilpin' room and other rooms now occupied by the Curator.
For this purpose it will be necessary to form a small endowment, and it has been
calculated that the sum of £2,200 is required. We sincerely trust that the public
will respond generously to this appeal."

"HANDLEY DUNELM, Chairman of the Committee."

The Secretary is MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, the Cowper and Newton
Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

If you want to know about the

— Books of the Season, get —

THE NOVEMBER BOOK MONTHLY,

Now Ready, 6d. net.

It is full of Literary Gossip, Literary

Articles, Literary News, and Literary

Illustrations. Get it from your

Bookseller, or from the Publishers,

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

Oxford University Press

THE SHIRBURN BALLADS, 1585-1616.

Edited from the MS. by ANDREW CLARK. With Thirty-nine Illustrations from black-letter copies. 10s. 6d. net.

MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS.

Edited by H. C. BEECHING. With Two Collotypes and Nine Facsimile Title-pages. 7s. 6d. net.

CAROLINE POETS.

Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. Vol. I (Chamberlayne, Benlowes, K. Philips, Hannay). 10s. 6d. net. Vol. II (Marmion, Hall, Godolphin, Ayres, Chalkhill, Carey, Hammond, Bosworth). 10s. 6d. net.

BLAKE'S POETICAL WORKS.

A New and Verbatim Text from the MS., engraved, and letterpress originals, with Variorum Readings and Bibliographical Notes and Prefaces. By JOHN SAMPSON. 10s. 6d. net.

SHELLEY'S POETICAL WORKS,

including materials never before printed in any edition of the Poems. Edited, with Textual Notes and Bibliographical List of Editions, by THOMAS HUTCHINSON. With Portrait of Shelley and Two other Collotype Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

KEATS'S POETICAL WORKS.

Edited, with an Introduction and Textual Notes, by H. BUXTON FORMAN, C.B. With Five Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

SELECTED POEMS OF RONSARD.

Edited by ST. JOHN LUCAS. Fcap 8vo, 5s. net.

[Immediately.]

THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH

VERSE, A.D. 1250-1900. Chosen and Edited by A. T. QUILLER-ROUCH. 1,096 pages. In Two Editions. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 7s. 6d. Fcap 8vo, on Oxford India paper, cloth extra, gilt top, 10s. 6d. Also in leather bindings.

TUDOR AND STUART LIBRARY

Linen rag paper, printed with the types given to the University by Dr. FELL, 1660. 5s. net each. With exceptions.

NEW VOLUMES

SHAKESPEARE'S MERRY WIVES

OF WINDSOR (the quarto of 1602). With an Introduction by W. W. GREG.

TURBERVILLE'S NOBLE ARTE OF

VENERIE OR HUNTING. 7s. 6d. net.

WILSON'S ARTE OF RHETORIQUE

(1585). Edited, with an Introduction, by G. H. MAIR.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF FRENCH

VERSE, XIII. CENTURY-XIX. CENTURY.

Chosen and Edited by ST. JOHN LUCAS. Fcap 8vo, 6s. net; on India paper, 7s. 6d. net.

OXFORD LIBRARY OF TRANSLATIONS

Extra fcap 8vo, 3s. 6d. net per Volume.

NEW VOLUMES.

VIRGIL.

Translated by JOHN JACKSON. On Oxford India paper, 4s. 6d. net.

SAINT BERNARD ON CONSIDERATION.

Translated by GEORGE LEWES. With Introduction and Notes.

THE MANAGEMENT OF PRIVATE

AFFAIRS. By JOSEPH KING, F. T. R. BIGHAM, M. L. GWYER, EDWIN CANNAN, J. S. C. BRIDGE, A. M. LATTER. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE OXFORD THACKERAY

A New Illustrated Edition in Seventeen Volumes.

Arranged and Edited by

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

The arrangement is chronological as far as possible. The text is as Thackeray finally left it; the most interesting variations from the earlier forms being supplied in footnotes or in appendices. Copyright matter is included.

There are nearly 2,000 illustrations gathered from various sources, some very little known.

The Oxford Thackeray, printed on good ordinary paper, ranges in all respects with the "Fireside" crown 8vo edition of Dickens, and the price in cloth is 2s. net for each Volume. There is also a Foolscape 8vo Edition, printed on India paper, which matches the "Oxford India Paper Dickens," the price being 2s. 6d. net for each Volume, bound in cloth. In both cases the books can be obtained in a variety of leather bindings.

Prospectuses of THE CHEAPEST ILLUSTRATED THACKERAY yet issued post-free on application, and of all Booksellers.

THE OXFORD POETS

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.; on Oxford India paper, from 5s.

Each contains a Photogravure Portrait.

CRABBE. Edited by the Rev. A. J. and Mrs. CARLYLE.

THOMSON. Edited by J. LOGIE ROBERTSON.

OXFORD LIBRARY OF PROSE AND POETRY

Uniform Volumes, fcap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net each; lambskin, thin boards, gilt extra, 3s. 6d. net each.

MRS. INCHBALD'S A SIMPLE STORY.

With Introduction by G. L. STRACHEY.

NEW VOLUMES READY IMMEDIATELY.

WAR SONGS.

Collected by CHRISTOPHER STONE. With Introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Sir IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B.

POEMS BY JOHN CLARE.

With Introduction by ARTHUR SYMONS.

GALT'S ANNALS OF THE PARISH.

Edited by G. S. GORDON.

ECHOES FROM THE OXFORD MAGAZINE (1883-1890).

SELECT POEMS OF WILLIAM BARNES.

Chosen and Edited, with a Preface and Glossarial Notes, by THOMAS HARDY.

THE POETS, GEOFFREY CHAUCER

TO ALFRED TENNYSON, 1340-1892.

Impressions by WILLIAM STEBBING. Vol. I, Chaucer-Burns; Vol. II, Wordsworth-Tennyson. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 8s. net (Not sold separately.) On Oxford India paper, 10s. 6d. net.

THE YEAR'S MINSTRELSY.

Being Gems of Thought from Great Writers. Compiled by H. JOSEPHY. With Autotype Illustrations by O. PILLMANN and J. N. BARLOW. Printed on writing paper in red and black. Small 4to, 10s. 6d. net; and in leather bindings.

THE WORLD'S CLASSICS.

150 Volumes now ready. Prices from 1s. net to 5s. 6d. net. List of Titles on application.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.

London: HENRY FROWDE, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, E.C.